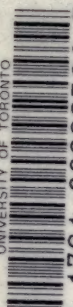


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My Sword  
for  
Sarsfield

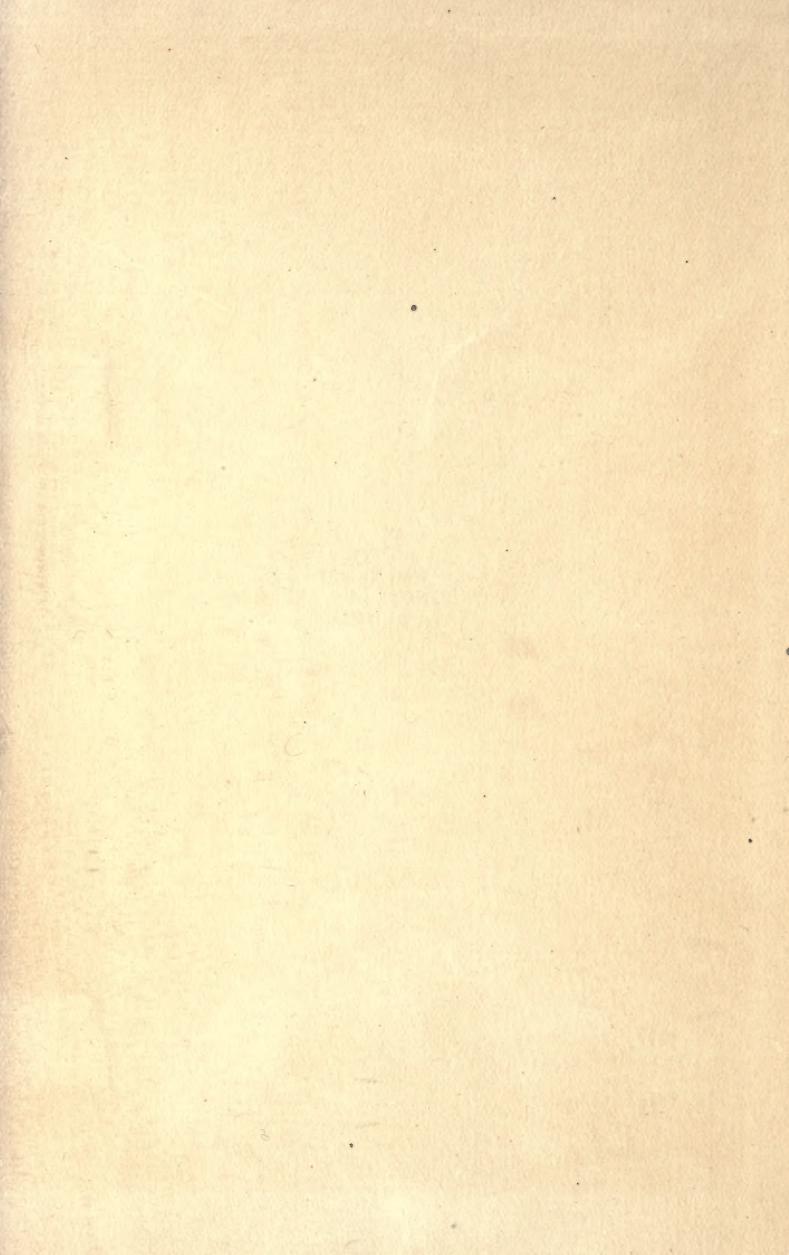
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MY SWORD FOR SARSFIELD

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

WHEN CROMWELL CAME TO DROGHEDA

ARDNAREE

HOW THE STEAM ENGINE WORKS

HOW TO BECOME A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER

WITH THE QUEEN TO KILLARNEY

A STUDY IN STARLIGHT



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# MY SWORD FOR SARSFIELD

A Story of the Jacobite War in Ireland

EDITED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF PHELM O'HARA  
(1668-1750) A COLONEL IN SARSFIELD'S HORSE

BY  
RANDAL McDONNELL

*"That majestic, stately, stainless Cavalier."*

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To my cousin, Kate Maxwell, of Ossining, New York,  
Great grand-daughter of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

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*From Cave-Hill's soaring peak I send you greeting,  
The Lough burns blue across the summer air :  
Here was the joy of Tone and Russell meeting,  
While sad beyond Slieve-gullion's mist  
The grave in old Kildare.*

*Close lies the city where the sisters parted ;  
Look back through time and tears :  
Has not their love deep-channelled and uncharted  
Held its proud triumph through the hundred years ?*

*Linked by the ties of letters round me lying,  
Linked by their love from whom our kinship came :  
By bonds of blood : by memories undying  
Of one immortal name.*

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# MY SWORD FOR SARSFIELD

## CHAPTER I.

*I cross the Shannon to join King James.*

YOU have all heard of the O'Haras of Galway, one of the noblest (if I may say it) of the old Irish families, and the one to which I have the honour to belong. We used formerly to own half Connaught, but thanks to that ruffian, Cromwell, have only the estate near Tuam left, and a family that once lived like kings is now scattered over the four corners of the world.

That it was partly our own fault I am willing enough to allow, for we fought and died and lost our lands in the cause of the worthless Stuart race ; but when the Restoration came and stirred the great hope within us, they refused to give us back a single yard of the old property, and left us with only a

few old stony fields and scarcely enough grass upon them to satisfy an economic goat.

Later on, when King James came over and raised his standard at Kinsale, instead of staying quiet where we were, there was a general stampede for the Shannon to see who would be first across to die for our English king. Take my advice and never believe what those Protestant orators at College Green are always shouting about the disloyalty of the Irish race. I can speak at all events for the Catholic aristocracy, and where we lead the rest are sure to follow. Of course we all love Ireland best, but we take good care to let the world believe it's England we adore. When I come to die be sure and wrap my body in the Irish flag, but if it's a public funeral you're giving me to Dublin put the English flag across my coffin.

Well, in the year 1689, when the glorious news was brought to us in Connaught that King James had landed in Kinsale, I bid my friends in Tuam good-bye, and my dear mother stood at the doorstep in tears and

blessed me in Irish as I rode away. God help us, but we're forgetting the old tongue, too, and it's ashamed we are of it instead of being proud. I suppose that's because the English speak of it as a "barbarous language," with their well-known insolence, and we haven't enough pluck left in us after the broken treaty at Limerick to try and preserve our own.

I must confess that I left my native town with little or no regret, being fairly sick of the monotony of the place and the jealousy of the women. For whenever a pretty girl starts up there all the rest grow madly jealous, and look upon her as a grievance instead of regarding her as a miracle.

To all of them, however, I was always the centre of admiration, and there were many tears shed, I believe, on that day when I crossed the Shannon, and left about a hundred broken hearts behind me.

As I crossed the river at Athlone on my stout horse, Ballyglunin (called after that verdant spot in Galway where the gallant

charger had been reared), and with my father's sabre, which had seen hot service in the Cromwellian wars, swinging by my side, I can tell you that half the town came out to gaze upon me and gave me a ringing cheer as I rode on towards Mullingar. All the country round was up in arms, and the Catholics were collecting their retainers and arming them and drilling them for the cause of King James.

I rested that night in Mullingar and next morning set out for Dublin, passing through the lovely Lucan country when the sun was setting. That night I lodged in Kelly's Tavern, in Dame Street, and next morning presented myself to the Lord Deputy Tyrconnell at the Castle (previous to his departure for Cork to meet the King).

I bore a letter of introduction from the Earl of Clanricarde who had rightly described me therein as "a gentleman of ancient family, of untarnished reputation, and of no mean military accomplishments," referring no doubt, to the famous raid which I carried out against the O'Connors in 1686. Upon



that occasion I was accompanied by some twenty stout fellows from Tierboy, and we carried off a whole field full of cattle and killed six herds who objected to our taking their master's property. I remember that Shemus O'Connor, the head of that family, wrote me a very insolent letter afterwards calling me "a low cattle stealer," and my stout retainers "the Tuam grenadiers." But I soon stopped all that kind of thing, I can tell you, by calling the scoundrel out and killing him in a duel at Cluanfois, where young Blake acted as my second, and fainted, I remember, at the sight of blood.

O'Connor left a wife and six children behind him for whom I afterwards provided, as I thought it only honourable and just as I had ended the existence of the breadwinner. I had serious thought at the time of marrying the widow myself only she was ten years older, had been an O'Flaherty, and was so ugly that I could never bring myself to agree to the business and offend against my sense of the beautiful. For we O'Haras have been always famous for our good looks,

and I may say that in our family circle I have been brought up, as it were, in the midst of beauty. For my three sisters were considered the loveliest girls in Connaught, and though they all died unmarried it was not for the want of the asking. I have known them to receive no less than twelve proposals between them at a single Galway dance, and to have been the cause of six duels in the morning.

When Tyrconnell had read the letter carefully he muttered something about "the fighting O'Haras," and gave me a commission in Colonel's Sarsfield's regiment of horse, who was now at Kinsale with the King.

He ordered me, therefore, to leave Dublin for Cork in the morning, and then introduced me to a very pleasant fellow called Dudley, who was an English Jacobite serving as captain in Sarsfield's Horse. Then bidding me good-bye he told Captain Dudley to look after the wants of the "Connaught stranger."

That evening the captain showed me over old Dublin city, now spreading rapidly beyond

the walls, and expatiated upon the beauty of the surroundings.

But I warrant you that I soon cut him off that.

“Some day,” said I, “I hope to show you my estate and the beauty of the town of Tuam. To bring you through those markets where hundreds of thousands of cattle are bought and sold, and then driven into Galway city to be shipped for the Spanish Peninsula. For we practically supply with beef,” said I, “the Grandees of Madrid. Some day, please God, when the cause of King James has triumphed, we shall stand together, you and I, upon the Bridge at Tuam, and listen to the waters roaring underneath. Then gazing on the vista which lies beyond, we shall saunter arm in arm along one of the finest promenades in Europe.”\*

You can guess that Dublin seemed a bit small to him after that, and often in later days during our lonely bivouacks when the poor fellow was longing for rest and quiet, he

\* Colonel O'Hara evidently refers to Shop Street.

would remind me of that promised visit to to the West, and say that he often saw "the towers of Tuam" (as I had described them) in his dreams.

I do not deny that in the description of my native place I may have slightly exaggerated the surroundings, but I always consider that a certain licence is allowable in the description of scenery or cities to anyone who is gifted with a poetic imagination.



## CHAPTER II.

### *Moira Delamarque.*

IT was on the 17th of March, 1689, that Captain Dudley and I set out for Cork, and reached that city some two days later. All the country that we passed through was up in arms, and the Rapparees emerging from their caves and hiding-places were in a glory of expectation at the coming war.

We little thought as we journeyed through the lovely southern land that our friendship, which had begun so auspiciously, would be one day hopelessly shattered by a woman's love.

Yes, I confess it with shame ; and indeed there is never a trouble in this world but one of them is sure to be at the bottom of it.

We found Cork city seething with excitement on our arrival, and the scene which now met our eyes was indeed picturesque.

Patrick Street was crowded from end to end with troops moving in all directions, and the brilliant uniforms of the French generals flashing in the sunshine. There I saw for the first time the King I had come to fight for sitting on horseback with all the old Stuart grace and charm, and surrounded by his brilliant staff. He looked, indeed, I thought a leader of men, and so he was ; for during all that great campaign when we Irish were shedding our blood like water to save his crown, he always led us out of action, but he never led us in. At this time, however, none of us understood the Royal coward, or realized his marvellous capabilities for flight.

Another figure near him still fixes itself in my memory.

Larger in limb and stature, grander in his bearing than the other generals, and leaning forward in eager converse with the King, I caught sight of the stately head of Sarsfield.

His face, I thought, wore a somewhat melancholy expression, and the eyes, which gazed at the King from under the great wig with its flowing curls, seemed sad ; but I

noticed that his mouth with the clear cut lips was full of splendid resolution. Here was a man to fight for, and if needs be, to die for gladly !

That evening, after I had been presented to Colonel Sarsfield by Captain Dudley, we both received the honour of an invitation to a ball at the house of General Delamarque in Patrick Street.

This gallant soldier had come over on a visit to Ireland many years before and had carried back with him an Irish wife—the lovely Kate O'Mahony, of Waterford. He had now returned again from France as one of the generals whom King Louis had ordered to accompany King James on his Irish expedition, and had brought with him his beautiful and only daughter, Moira, in order that she might make acquaintance with the country which her dead mother had so dearly loved.

In the midst of the wonderful glare of the ballroom where thousands of lights mingled with the brilliantly coloured dresses of the

dancers, I caught sight of the beautiful Moira moving here and there among the guests, presenting partners to one another and being herself presented in turn to the different strangers who had been invited.

Never had I seen so sweet a vision of perfect female beauty.

Mademoiselle Delamarque was a little above the medium height of women with a figure exquisitely formed, and the smallest hands and feet imaginable. Her soft brown hair was coiled in a wave of wonder round her head in the style then fashionable at the French Court, while the curve of her beautiful neck and shoulders set off a huge necklace of diamonds which vied in sparkling with her great brown eyes. These seemed to hold me spellbound, look where I would, and her sweet smile showed a row of teeth set in level beauty in the smallest of mouths.

Captain Dudley had already been presented to her and was asking her permission to present me, when to my horror the lovely apparition answered quite clearly in the

prettiest English with a slight French accent, "If you really like, Captain Dudley, but if it is one of the O'Haras of Galway, my darling mother often spoke of them as a set of proud and insolent fools."

You can imagine how the hot blood flamed to my cheeks at this—to hear such an opinion given of my own people, who all suffer from an intense modesty, nearly as much as I do myself. I say that it was more than I could bear, but for the sake of that lovely creature I controlled myself, and some five minutes afterwards was formally presented by my friend.

I could never recall that first meeting with Moira Delamarque without bitter anguish, for she treated me with such marked coldness, answering my attempts at conversation in monosyllables, and finally refused to dance with me at all.

Oh, with what bitterness I felt this treatment at her hands, and more especially after the way in which the women of Connaught had made an idol of me.



Nor was Moira's coldness the only chill I received that evening, for having been presented to some other choice specimens of Cork beauty (and I believe that all Irish girls south of the Mulla are the loveliest in the world) I found myself treated in a very different manner from the fawning admiration of Tuam.

Lovely Alice Mulvaney, who came up with her father all the way from Skibbereen, told me in so many words that my conversation seemed to her to be stupid, heavy, and arrogant, and when I brought out the story of my duel with Shemus O'Connor, thinking to thrill her with my martial exploits, she muttered something about me being "no better than a murderer."

Well, you can easily guess the feelings of an O'Hara after all this. I remember recalling with mingled feelings of shame and regret the cruel way I had treated Ellen Kavanagh at a ball once given in my honour at the Gannon's house beside the Bridge at Tuam.

She had eyes, I remember, like a ferret, and wild straggling hair like a housemaid's

broom, and was madly in love with me in 1684.

Upon that occasion I avoided her the whole evening and took as my partner the lovely Sheila Gannon, who danced divinely, was as light as a feather, and so small you might have bathed her in a basin.

In the stately minuet which closed the ball poor Ellen could stand it no longer, and coming up to me uttered some bitter words of reproof, and then bursting into tears threatened to drown herself in the Tuam river outside. At this we all nearly died of laughing, knowing very well that there was not sufficient water there to have more than merely damped her.

Well, then, the Cork ball came to an end at last, and you can imagine that when I was tramping home with Captain Dudley and M. Saurin, one of the French officers, to our temporary quarters on the other side of the Lee, I found myself in but a sorry mood.

My spirits, however, plucked themselves up again as the dawn broke over the city,

and leaning in the direction of my friend, Dudley, I gave vent to this extraordinary prophecy—"Though, you say, Mademoiselle has indeed slighted me, I nevertheless consider her a fit mate for an O'Hara, and when the war is over I shall lead her to the altar."

At which remark of mine the French officer (whom, I am sorry to say, had exceeded his proper allowance of wine), leered at me and said—" *Ah ! l'insolence de cette canaille !* "

Many months afterwards Captain Dudley recalled this sentence to my memory, but, fortunately for M. Saurin, I had not then acquired that mastery over the French language which distinguished me in later years.

Can you understand what would have taken place had I been able to grasp the meaning of that sentence ?

I know that weighed down by the cruel slights received from Moira, the badness of the Spanish wine, and the memory of my past popularity, I felt at that moment like something terrible !

### CHAPTER III.

#### *On the road to Dublin.*

AFTER a few hours of troubled sleep I rose up and prepared myself for the journey to Dublin, and the King starting punctually at noon we all followed the great Deliverer, while the people cheered the gay assemblage as it swept out towards the northern road.

That journey was indeed, a Royal Progress from Cork city to the very gates of Dublin, and the country people thronged the roads and hedges to get a glimpse of the Royal presence.

Flowers were strewn along the ground where the King was to pass over, and bouquets of wild flowers were presented by the women, who claimed as a return the honour of embracing this sublime specimen of manhood.

At first the King was willing enough to kiss the prettiest of them back—and there

was no lack of beauty, I can tell you, from Kilkenny to the Liffey—but some twenty miles from Dublin he got properly sick of the performance and ordered his escort on their peril to allow anything in the shape of petticoats within a mile of his royal person.

At this we were all greatly amused, though there were some of us, I know, who would have been glad enough to have been paid that sweet attention. For, although I travelled only some few yards behind the King, none of these susceptible beauties took the smallest notice of me, and this treatment struck me the more strangely when I remembered how they used to flock in thousands across Connaught at the mere rumour of my presence at a Galway ball or a Dunmore dance.

Performers on the Irish pipes played melodious music to which the villagers danced in a delirium of joy as the saviour of our country passed by on his mettled steed.

The country which we travelled through was blossoming forth in all the glory of its new spring coat, and though after leaving



Cork behind us the landscape seemed wild and rugged, nevertheless from Kilkenny onwards we passed over gentle undulating ground rich in natural verdure.

It seemed to me that all the county of Kilkenny must have come out to greet his majesty, as the huge crowds surged around him with staunch loyalty, profound respect and tender love, as if he had been some angel fallen by accident out of heaven.

Orations of welcome were made to him at the entrance of each considerable town, while all the young and lovely rural maids danced before him as he travelled on.

In fact, the whole journey to Dublin was like a great fair, such crowds poured forth from their habitations to wait upon him, so that he must have taken a keen comfort amidst all his misfortunes at the sight of so much tenderness and love from his loyal people of Ireland.

In Dublin itself his reception was even finer. The streets had been re-laid with gravel and were strewn with boughs of trees

and the choicest flowers that the eager multitudes could gather from the gardens of the citizens or the rich country-places which lie around. The windows of the wealthy were ornamented with rich tapestry and and banners, while from the poorer dwellings a wreath of flowers or a coloured blanket proclaimed a hundred thousand welcomes to the King.

The sweet music of the harp and the shrill notes of the pipes gave further welcome as he passed along, and broke into the tune of "The King shall enjoy his own again," or else into one of those plaintive Irish melodies which stir the heart.

As he reached the Castle gate four bishops of the Catholic Church met him outside, bearing a huge cross underneath a canopy, and upon seeing this the King fell down upon his knees and remained for some minutes in deep devotion.

I was strangely stirred by all these incidents, but more especially by that unfailing love and faith which made our people bow

the knee before that long line of Royal rascals, who had broken faith with them on every possible occasion, and who cared as much about them as if they had been Faroe Islanders or savages from the Barbadoes.

When the King was comfortably settled in Dublin Castle he summoned a Parliament for the 7th of May, from which we all expected great results.

We had hoped by supporting his majesty to obtain the restoration of our estates which had been in the hands of Protestant usurpers for more than forty years, and that full liberty would be given to Irish merchants to import and export without being compelled to send their ships to English ports (thus avoiding the iniquitous dock dues). Studies of law were to be founded in Dublin and the Viceroyalty given to members of our faith. A mint was to be established in Dublin. The chief State appointments were to be given to us. The ecclesiastical livings, which had been taken away, were to be restored ; and, lastly,

works were to be set on foot to make the great rivers navigable, to deepen and defend the ports, and to drain the bogs. I say "we had hoped" for all these things, but those three words may be taken as the Irish motto under Stuart rule—burning with love of faith and love of country and looking forward with trust to Stuart honour; only to be rewarded with bitter disappointments and better plans on England's part to increase the racial hatred and the old sectarian strife.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *The death-trap at Chapelizod.*

THE Lord Deputy Tyrconnell had not been idle in the King's cause, and in the last two months had enlisted close on 40,000 men, while the King of France had sent over some 400 officers and gunners with James to aid him in organising the Irish army. The Brest Fleet had also been placed at his disposal with arms and ammunition for 10,000 men, while Louis had added a further gift from his treasury of 500,000 crowns in gold, which, you may say, was equal in English money to round about £112,000.

With the officers came De Rosen, a hot-tempered Livonian, who was placed in the chief command, with De Maumont as lieutenant-general, De Pusigan and Lery as major-generals, Boisseleau as adjutant-general, while L'Estrade acted as quarter-master-general of cavalry.



On my arrival in Dublin I was stationed at the Castle with a troop of Sarsfield's Horse, while Captain Dudley had been ordered with some of our men to Lucan, where Colonel Sarsfield was now stopping in his ancestral home—Lucan House—with his charming wife, the Lady Honoria, who was daughter to the Earl of Clanricarde.

One day in the midst of all the festival and splendour provoked by the arrival of the King, an aide-de-camp waited on me from General De Rosen with orders to carry dispatches that evening to Colonel Sarsfield, and to stay at Lucan with Captain Dudley until further orders.

I was not sorry to leave Dublin, for in the midst of all the gaiety I had been sadly disappointed in not meeting Moira Delamarque again, and feared that she must have been left behind at Cork. Knowing, however, that Colonel Sarsfield was an old friend of her father's I hoped, perhaps, to hear some further news about her from him; for I confess that her face had haunted me strangely

ever since I left the south, and I was burning with a keep desire to conquer the intense dislike which she had so plainly manifested towards me.

It was in a cheerful spirit, therefore, that I saddled my charger, Bullyglunin, and set out from Dublin Castle late in the evening of the second day in April, little dreaming of the adventure that I was to pass through before the sun would rise again.

I crossed to the north side of the Liffey and took the road which runs out by the Phoenix Park, and here, rising on my left-hand side I caught sight of the new Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, which had been built from the design of the famous Sir Christopher Wren, at a cost of some £26,000, for the reception of ancient, maimed, and infirm officers and soldiers; and though completed some five years before, in 1684, I could still see some workmen up on ladders putting a few finishing touches to the edifice.

As I approached Chapelizod the scenery increased in beauty, and away to the left I

could catch sweet glimpses of the Liffey, while here and there along the banks were pleasantly situated residences. Beyond these were endless vistas of green fields and rows of hedges stretching away until lost in the shadows of the Dublin mountains, whose long grey hills fill up the background and keep the traveller company all the way to Lucan. A little further on I saw a church spire peep out of the distance, and in another few minutes I was riding into Chapelizod.

Here crossing the river I reached "The Travellers' Rest,"\* which stands by the river-side at the corner where the road to Inchicore meets the road to Lucan, and throwing my reins to an ostler standing by the door I entered the building and called for a glass of ale.

Ah! would that I had gone on to Lucan thirsty.

A landlord with a most villainous countenance asked me to step into the parlour while he supplied my wants.

\* On the site now occupied by "The Bridge Inn."

As I entered the room I caught sight of two soldiers dressed in the French uniform eagerly occupied gambling with the dice, and one of them called upon me good humouredly in broken English to come and throw a main with them.

I could seldom, even in the West, resist a chance to play, so forgetting all about my mission to Lucan I entered fiercely into the fascinations of the game.

The landlord now brought in the ale, and as I quaffed it, stood eyeing me unpleasantly at the door.

My two agreeable playmates had informed me that they were French officers who had come up to Dublin with De Rosen, and we fell to discussing eagerly the chances of the war. Since then I have always been more careful in choosing new acquaintances, for as it afterwards turned out these gentlemen were Dutchmen instead of Frenchmen—two of Solmes's Blues, in fact, who had been sent across from England by General Schomberg to spy out the land, and to collect useful

information with regard to King James's troops.

I have always been famous, however, for my innocent and trusting disposition, and, like all Connaughtmen, am very open and confiding by nature, speaking truth always for truth's sake, and being unable to understand the meaning of treachery.

The night had considerably advanced, fresh candles had been brought in, and I was still rivetted to the table and very loth to leave. For the truth is that the luck went all my way that night, and I had relieved my two friends of every coin they had between them.

I had risen up to leave the room, thinking perhaps that one might have too much of a good thing, when the landlord with the scurrilous countenance came suddenly in bearing on a tray a huge meat pie and some bottles of Spanish wine.

My friends insisted on my stopping to supper, and just to refresh myself for the remainder of the journey I consented after



some pressing. The pie, you see, smelt deliciously, and the wine—how well I knew the brand—was no stranger to me, for I had drunk many a bottle down in Galway, shipped straight from the markets of Spain.

We all stood up to allow the landlord to arrange the table, and had I been more wide awake I might have noticed that in replacing my chair at the end of the table (and facing that smoking meat pie) he seemed careful about its exact position. Then holding the back of the chair in one hand he bowed and called upon me to resume my seat.

Well, we were deep in the contents of the pie, and I had swallowed a few glasses of that glorious wine, when our conversation flew round to the merits of my nation as a race of soldiers, when one of these fellows looked at me squarely in the face, and said insolently—

“ If all zeeze Irish are as you, captaine, then zey are chiefly compoze of talk ! ”

You can imagine how the blood rushed to

my cheeks at this, how my soul flamed at the words of this foreign scoundrel.

Forgetting that I was his guest, forgetting how I had cleared him out at play, and remembering nothing but his gross insult to my countrymen, I lifted up the meat pie, still smoking (and filled with scalding gravy at the bottom) and hurled it in the ruffian's face.

As I did so his companion held up his hand and made a sign to the landlord, who was standing with a napkin in his hand and leaning against the door.

The next thing I can remember was the napkin being dropped on the ground and the fellow on his knees working at something in the wainscoting, and the creaking sound of a rusty bolt being withdrawn. Then the whole floor at the back of my chair seemed to give way, and with a great cry I fell backwards head over heels with the chair after me. I felt a rush of air around me and my head struck against something hard and cold, and then after that came blank darkness and insensibility.

## CHAPTER V.

### *The Escape from Death.*

WHEN I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on the stone floor of a cellar, and with the back of my head clotted with blood, where I had come in contact with the floor.

In the pitch black darkness I could hear the lapping of the waters of the Liffey as they flowed past the outer wall of my prison, and as I raised my right leg to ease my position I heard with horror the scurrying of rats away from me.

My aching head, however, was growing better, and I was soon able to raise myself and look around. High up on the front wall facing the river, I caught sight of a little barred window, and then away beyond that, at the back of the darkness, a few pale, imploring stars.

My eyes soon grew more accustomed to the impenetrable darkness round me, and

behind me I found the outlines of a small iron door; while lying on my back again and looking upwards I detected a faint twinkle of light through one of the crevices round the trap-door through which I had been hurled.

Suddenly I heard the movement of feet above me, the screaming of an iron bolt being withdrawn, and then the trap-door opened slowly downwards, and in blaze of light from above I could see through my half closed eyes the scurrilous countenance of the landlord glaring down upon me.

"Ah, he seems done for, sure enough," I heard the villain say. "And if he isn't," he added, in his cold, cruel voice, "hunger and the rats won't keep him waitin' long."

A terrible agony fell upon me as I heard this.

Were they going to leave me here in the cold and darkness to die in the agonies of hunger and thirst, or to be slowly destroyed perhaps by the vermin creeping out upon me in thousands.

Then I heard their voices once again, and one of the foreign soldiers was crying angrily, "Kill that boaster in vat vey you vill, but his letterres, his dispatch, must com to me." Then their voices grew loud in quarrel, and in the midst of a storm of words the trap-door was drawn up again and then the darkness fell upon me and the horrible silence was broken only by the squeaking of the rats.

I had lain like one dead while they looked down upon me, but I now rose slowly to my feet and staggered against the wall.

Then I felt for my good sword and drew it slowly from the sheath. If they came down to take my dispatches, or make sure of my death, they would probably come by the iron door, and then at any rate I could die fighting bravely and not in the slow tortures of an awful death.

Half an hour must have gone by while I was leaning against the wall on one side of the iron door, waiting with the perspiration breaking out upon me and some drops of



blood creeping slowly down my neck from the great, cruel, gaping wound in the back of my head.

Dear God, would they never come !

Then at last the fearful silence was broken, and I heard the creaking of a door opening above, the clink of a man's iron heel against the stone steps leading down to my prison, and then the steps descending cautiously—tap—tap—tap.

My visitor reached the iron door at last and stopped, I suppose, to listen, for I heard the sound of a lantern placed upon the floor and a few arrows of yellow light shot in underneath the door and splayed themselves across the damp floor of my dungeon.

The silence apparently satisfied him, for I heard a key grating in the lock, then a pause, and the great hinges commenced rasping close to where I was standing with uplifted sword. Then the door opened slowly for about a foot and an arm holding a lantern was passed through, while above it the hideous head of the landlord peered through the darkness.

The moment for action had now come, and I remembered afterwards how cool I became at that moment of deadly peril, for he had caught sight of me when his cruel eyes had swung round to the left, and in another second the door would have been crashed too again, and my chance of life and freedom for ever vanished.

But my sword flashed in the yellow light of the lantern and must have cut clean through his brain and neck and everything, for I know that the hot blood spurted on my face as I dashed against the door and pushed it open, while the body of the man still palpitating with life fell heavily against the steps behind.

I dashed on up the stone steps and reached the long hall leading to the hall-door, which I tried to force open, but it was locked and barred.

I was endeavouring to unfasten it when I heard a sound behind me and the door of the parlour was flung open and my two foreign friends advanced upon me with drawn swords.

Fortunately, they both had been drinking heavily, and came staggering towards me.

I am, as you know, the match of any man on earth with the sword, but I confess in that narrow passage it must have gone hard with me if the two of them had had their senses. As it was I merely played with the drunken rascals, letting them drive me slowly back until I reached the hall-door, when I disarmed the man on my right and slipping in between him and the wall I turned round on his comrade and cut him down where he stood. Then I turned and dashed for the open parlour, slammed the door after me and double-locked it on the inside.

As I paused to get breath I could hear the man I had disarmed trying to open the front door and roaring for help.

I pushed the hair back from my wet forehead and went to the window opening on the Liffey. It was a sheer drop some fifty feet down into the river and I was heavily clothed and weighted with my sword ; but I had small time for hesitation now, for the villain outside

had obtained help and some yokels were smashing in the door with axes and poles.

I was standing on the window and preparing to lower myself down to my full length before dropping into the river when the parlour door gave way with a crash and the foreign soldier burst into the room and made for me at the window.

I was hanging by my fingers on the ledge when I saw his sword flash in the air, and as I dropped into the darkness below, the steel sparkled on the stone of the window-sill where my right fingers had been clutching a second before.

When I rose half-choked from the dark waters I struck out for the far side of the river and passing under the bridge reached it in a few strokes.

Then I clambered up the bank, wet and triumphant, and catching my sword up under my arm I disappeared among the trees which fringe both sides of the river.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *The Dawn of Love.*

I RAN on through the darkness by the bank of the river for about a mile and then rested myself for a few moments, and strained my ears to listen for the sound of a pursuit. But all the world seemed bathed in silence, and I could scarcely hear the ripple of the river as it flowed on through banks of rich foliage in its beautiful winding pathway towards the sea.

After all, when I considered the matter quietly it was not probable that the drunken Dutchman who had slashed at my hand on the window-sill was in much of a condition to pursue anyone, and as for the yokels who assisted him in smashing in the door they probably forgot about my existence after I had cleared the river.

I took my time after this reflection and in another hour I reached Captain Dudley's headquarters at Lucan, where I told my



experiences and had my wounded head washed and bandaged ; then having thrown off my damp clothes I was soon fast asleep in a comfortable bed in the officer's house.

Early that same morning Captain Dudley set out with some men for Chapelizod to root out any of the vermin that might be left there, but he found "The Travellers' Rest" deserted, and the dead bodies removed during the night. My horse, however, was found wandering in a field hard by and was brought back to me.

At noon next day I waited upon Colonel Sarsfield at Lucan House, presented my dispatches, and related my stirring adventures of the previous night.

They lost nothing, as you can guess, in the telling, though with my usual modesty I made as little as possible of my own personal bravery in the affair.

However, I found it a useless thing trying to hide my light under a bushel where Sarsfield was concerned, and his eyes lit up as I described that matchless scene in the hall

when I practically cut my man in two with one blow.

“ It was gallantly done,” he cried. “ Oh the ruffians, the murderers ! ”

He was not so enthusiastic, however, about my deliberate neglect of duty.

“ Gambling is a dangerous game,” he said, “ for any young officer, but I cannot reprove you harshly after such undoubted gallantry. Duty first, remember, and then caution are the chief attributes of a soldier on dispatch work.”

After this he presented me to the Lady Honoria and told her my story, whereupon she congratulated me very prettily, and I must have looked extremely well blushing as I did at her praise.

Then she went into the garden and left us to resume our conversation, which turned, of course, on the coming campaign, and he related many of his own experiences in France and England, and described the battle of Sedgemoor, in 1685.

An hour must have passed by before the Lady Honoria returned and asked me to step out into the garden, "for there is someone here," she said, smiling, "whom I think you have met before."

Puzzled at her words I followed her out on to the lawn in front of the drawing-room, and came face to face with Moira Delamarque!

She looked very lovely in her light summer dress and huge sunbonnet, but she greeted me with a coldness which would have shrivelled up a lesser man.

"I disliked you intensely at Cork," she said, "and I believe I treated you somewhat curtly; but I cannot help admiring even a blusterer if he happens to be a brave man."

She probably expected that I would feel hurt at this, but as a matter of fact I never remember hearing sweeter words. The continual praises of Connaught girls had only served to sicken me, for they had been captivated altogether by my external beauty. But here was a girl who, though she mistook my frankness for bluster, could nevertheless

see right inside me, and from the moment that she spoke those words I knew that love was dawning.

The Lady Honoria had retreated to the house, leaving us two alone upon the lawn, and I felt like throwing myself at Moira's feet and telling her how I loved her, when one glance from her beautiful eyes brought me suddenly to my senses. Then I waited for her to speak.

"I will take you round the Colonel's estate," she said gently, "if the walk will not prove too much for your poor head," and she glanced at the bandage which protected my wounded skull.

Ah, here was what I longed for coming at last : sympathy as well as admiration.

We passed through the sunshine towards the river, and Moira pointed out the weir with its miniature waterfall and charming background of sylvan scenery. When the far end of the estate was reached we passed out to view the Salmon Leap at Leixlip, and I stood entranced beside the falling waters,

sparkling and changing colour in the sun ; while the rushing river sang its magic melody which goes on for ever through all the changing years.

In later times during my French campaigns I have seen pieces of Switzerland that brought back memories of Lucan—Lucan the peaceful, the serene, the tender !

Those days are dead and gone, and for me those scenes have faded, but changeless Nature still pours down her floods of summer glories. The waters roll majestically on, and sparkling in the sunlight reflect back images of crowded trees which throng along the banks ; but Time, alas ! has hushed for ever one tender voice which echoed then in sweet laughter beside the river.

The afternoon had far advanced when we returned to Lucan House, and, oh, the change in Moira ! The coldness of the morning had changed into a happy warmth of friendship on her part, and when the Lady Honoria asked me to spend the remainder of the day with them, my companion urged me to accept



in language that would have been worthy of an old familiar friend.

The last incident of that evening I recall with a peculiar tenderness.

When supper was over and we had gathered round the fire in the drawing-room (for the chill of the spring evenings were still upon us) I remember Colonel Sarsfield asking Moira to sing us the pretty song which had so charmed him the night before.

I noticed a slight blush spreading over her face as she rose to comply and to bring in her Irish harp. To tell you the truth, I thought she played her harp but indifferently, but the sweetness of her voice and the melancholy beauty of the song bewitched me, as lightly striking the strings she gave us those plaintive lines of the Earl of Rochester's, called "Constancy"—

*I cannot change as others do,  
Though you unjustly scorn,  
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,  
For you alone was born ;  
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move  
A surer way I'll try —  
And to revenge my slighted love,  
Will still love on, and die.*

*When, killed with grief, Amintas lies,  
And you to mind shall call  
The sighs that now unpitied rise,  
The tears that vainly fall.  
That welcome hour that ends his smart  
Will then begin your pain,  
For such a faithful tender heart  
Can never break in vain.*

As the last echo of the song died away I glanced at Moira and noticed that her great brown eyes were wet with tears.

It was not until later on that I learnt that Colonel Sarsfield had already informed her of some important news which had arrived with the dispatches, and that in another few days I would be on the march for Londonderry.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *The Siege of Derry.*

NEXT day Captain Dudley and I received orders to join General Richard Hamilton and the Duke of Berwick on their march to Derry, while Colonel Sarsfield was ordered to Sligo. In Dublin all was confusion, for the two great parties there were spitting at one another like Kilkenny cats.

The Irish Catholics, who looked upon their country as a separate nation, wished to make use of King James for the sake of Ireland, while the Catholic Anglo-Irish, who looked upon the country simply as a province of England, wished to make use of Ireland for the sake of James.

The first party were fearful of letting the King go north lest he should cross over to Scotland ; while the latter feared that if he stopped in Dublin he might be too much under the thumb of the Irish Parliament.

Meanwhile Richard Hamilton had routed the Protestants from Coleraine, and being joined by General De Rosen had driven them with the rest of their party in Ulster for protection within the walls of Derry, which they were now preparing to bravely defend. James was obliged, therefore, to decide for the northern march, and set out with D'Avaux, the French Ambassador, the Duke of Berwick, and the rest of his advisers, leaving Tyrconnell in charge of Dublin.

After a wet and miserable journey northwards the King joined with Hamilton and De Rosen outside the walls of Derry. We advanced with our colours flying and our drums beating martial music, but were met with a roar of defiance from the walls and with cries of "No Surrender."

A volley was fired in the direction of the King and killed a member of his staff, whereupon he precipitately retreated. This was the only occasion in which I recollect his facing the music of the guns, and it must be confessed that it was due more to an accident

than to valour, for he had been fully convinced that the town would have opened its gates when he appeared upon the scene.

Later on he sent in a flag of truce with an offer of a free pardon to all the citizens who would acknowledge his sovereignty, but it was contemptuously rejected, and the King, disgusted and disappointed, returned to Dublin with De Rosen, leaving De Maumont to push the siege, with Richard Hamilton as second in command.

We now set to work with zeal to surround the walls and to cannonade the city.

Soon our guns opened fire and hurled their messengers of death and destruction upon Derry.

I saw the roofs and upper stories of houses near the wall fall in and crush the unfortunate inhabitants in the ruins, while fires burst forth in different parts of the city and completed the general devastation.

The brave defenders, however, though somewhat demoralised at this first bombard-



ment, recovered themselves pretty quickly, and were soon hurling fire and death at our lines from the great guns which crowned the walls.

One gun, opposite that part of the field where I was standing with Richard Hamilton, I had particular cause to remember. I learned afterwards that the defenders had named it "Roaring Meg," from the noise its discharge created. But on this day it did more than merely roar, for it sent one cannon ball whizzing past my ear so that I could feel the wind from it across my face. I saw it plump into a group of soldiers near De Maumont, and some six stout fellows went over like ninepins.

Day after day the bloody contest went on, both sides losing heavily by the artillery fire, until the arrival of the 21st of April, when we perceived that the defenders were preparing for a sally.

How well I remember that day.

Beyond the Irish lines lay the devastated city in the distance surrounded by those grim

grass-grown walls, while here and there upon the ramparts were groups of small black figures working like demons at the guns. Away on my left, beyond the din and the confusion, the green fields and the quiet distant slopes faded towards the horizon; while on my right I saw the blue waters of the Foyle shimmering in the haze of the noon-day sun.

Suddenly I saw one of the gates burst open and the besieged poured out into the open.

They were led by the gallant Murray, who seemed oblivious of death and danger as De Maumont called upon us to charge, and with a ringing cheer the Irish line closed in upon the foe.

Then a terrific contest ensued. The artillery ceased firing, and after a couple of volleys of musketry the cold steel took the place of gunpowder and bullet.

Back we drove the English garrison step by step to the gates. Men fell round me upon every side, and I was close to the gallant De Maumont when a musket ball from the

ramparts put an end to that adventurous career.

We were close up to the gates now when I met their leader, Murray, face to face. His horse had been killed under him, but he had disentangled himself from the fallen animal and came bounding towards me with his great sword flashing in the air, eager, no doubt, to cross it with so brave a man. As he slashed at my head I guarded with my sword, but the force of the blow beat me to my knees. I was rising up to return the compliment with interest when the future Bishop of Derry dashed up and discharged his pistol point blank at me, and my sword arm dropped helpless by my side. I drew out my second pistol with my left hand and was about to discharge the contents into his reverence's stomach when Murray flung himself upon me with a roar, and we both rolled over in the dust. Then a number of hands stretched out and clutched us, and we were both dragged, locked in a grip of death, wounded, torn and bleeding, inside the gates of Derry.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*In the shade of the gallows.*

MY arm, shattered by Walker's bullet, was dressed and bandaged, and I was placed in a temporary prison in a house some hundred yards from the ramparts, and facing the gun called "Roaring Meg" which I mentioned in my last chapter.

Day after day the weary siege continued with apparently no gain to either side, and still caged and wounded, with my arm supported in a sling, I paced the floor of my prison planning a hundred methods of escape, and all of them very different, as you shall hear, from the one which I finally put in force.

I was attended in prison by a grim, silent soldier, who upon one occasion condescended to tell me who he was in an extraordinary language which I failed at first to understand.

“ Me name is Johan Hackutt,” said he. “ I was brud on the Bonn, an at skule at Coalrenn.”

When I caught the word “ Bonn ” I took him for a German, perhaps, who had come over from Schomberg’s army to assist in the Protestant cause.

He explained to me, however, that his mother was a Scotchwoman and that his father was an English settler who had come over with Cromwell, and a most religious man.

“ Then you were brought up,” said I, bitterly (remembering some of the canting hypocrites who had settled amongst us even in Connaught) “ in the fear of the Lord.” “ Oh, no, mon,” said he, “ in the feer of th’ Pope,” and he turned and left me.

So you see he was not a member of the German nation after all, but only one of the English Garrison in Ireland.

May passed slowly away and June arrived, and Londonderry was still unconquered.

Many sallies and skirmishes had taken



place without much advantage to either side. At last one desperate assault was made on an outwork called Windmill Hill, which was near the southern gate, and a fight of great gallantry took place with equal valour on the part of the besiegers and besieged. At last, after four hundred of our men had fallen, the retreat was sounded, leaving the defenders triumphant on the walls.

The pangs of hunger now began to make themselves felt on the crowded numbers in the city, and as I, too, was put upon reduced rations like the rest I began to long once more for a decent substantial meal.

Every precaution was taken by our men to complete the blockade, and a huge boom was built across the mouth of the Foyle about a mile and a half below the town.

So the days crept by until the 19th of June, when it was decided in Dublin that De Rosen should be sent up once more to try and bring the matter to a final issue.

Enraged at the gallant resistance of the starving garrison the Frenchman determined

to commit an act of inhuman barbarity and so force the defenders to come to terms.

Collecting all the non-combatants of the Protestant religion which he could find in that vicinity he drove them to the gates of Derry and determined to keep them there to starve in sight of their friends in the city.

It was in vain that Richard Hamilton and the Irish officers implored De Rosen to desist from his cruel plan, and it was with horror that I perceived from my prison, at dawn on the 2nd of July, crowds of harmless old men, women, and children being driven in under the walls.

Some few hours after this John Hackett, my warder, came in to me and told me to prepare for death, for it was the intention, he said, of the garrison to hang every prisoner in their hands unless De Rosen recalled his infamous order.

Horried at the cruel fate which lay before me I asked permission to consult with the other prisoners and to write and appeal to De Rosen's humanity.

Leave was immediately granted to me, and as I passed out along the street to reach the spot where the other prisoners were confined I caught sight of some men busily occupied in erecting a gallows on the ramparts.

We soon drafted a letter of appeal to General De Rosen, and then I wrote a separate letter on my own account to my friend, General Hamilton, which ran as follows :—

*Derry, 2nd July, 1689.*

*My dear Hamilton,*

*I forward this line in trembling haste on behalf of myself and of our poor prisoners, beseeching you to use your powerful influence with De Rosen to abandon this cruel and infamous scheme.*

*As I write this I can hear the piteous cries and sobs of these poor victims at the gates.*

*I would not mind so much the death they threaten if I could be hanged beside the Irish lines so that our gallant fellows could see how a brave man can meet his doom. But at such*

*a distance, dear Hamilton, only my last movements would be visible.*

*Are there not enough broken heads from this disastrous siege without adding to that long list a hundred broken hearts as well ?*

*I am willing to die for our King, and for the cause, sword in hand and facing the enemy, but I object to be strung up to the public gaze like a malefactor on the Derry ramparts, as an act of atonement for the inhuman deed of a French barbarian.*

*Yours, as always,*

*PHELIM O'HARA.*

I felt like one inspired as I penned these burning words.

It was, indeed, a superb letter, and Richard Hamilton informed me afterwards that the reading of it made him practically speechless with emotion.

I found, however, that he had misinterpreted that sentence about "the hundred broken hearts."

He thought I referred to the relatives of the prisoners, while I was thinking all the time

about the girls in Connaught who had loved me, and more especially about Moira Delamarque at Lucan.

Ah, how little, even after a close acquaintance, we can interpret each other's thoughts.

I remember how that night I strode up and down my prison floor, seeing in fancy the Lady Honoria breaking the news of my death to Moira; and then I found myself humming plaintively those lines she sang at Lucan—

*"That welcome hour that ends his smart  
Will then begin your pain,  
For such a faithful, tender heart,  
Can never break in vain."*

Then I stopped suddenly, remembering that it was my neck, not my heart, which might be broken in the morning.



## CHAPTER IX.

### *A Dash for Freedom.*

NEXT day the joyful news was conveyed to me that De Rosen had at last yielded, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the scaffold removed from the walls before the evening fell.

Another horror, however, now fell upon me, the horror of starvation.

Every day the food supplies were dwindling, and still the city held firm in the determination of never surrendering.

My wounded arm was now completely recovered, but the rest of me was growing sick and weak from the long confinement and the want of sufficient food. I remember one night late in July when John Hackett brought me in some *stewed dog* for supper that I left the delicacy untasted and paced up and down with a gnawing agony at my breast. Then a plan of escape flashed across

my brain, and I determined to put it in force on the following night when supper-time arrived.

You remember that my prison faced the ramparts where the big gun, "Roaring Meg," was situated, and that some hundred yards lay between me and the walls.

I thought if I could only once get outside that such a distance would be a small thing to the fastest runner in Connaught, and I noticed that that part of the wall was sparsely manned after nightfall.

The risk was very great that I might get a few bullets inside me if the sentries got the alarm before I reached the walls, but I had grown so empty lately as to chance even that form of nourishment.

At ten o'clock next night John Hackett came in bearing a fresh delicacy on a plate.

"More dog, John," I said sadly, coming closer to him.

"Noan left," he said laconically, "it's a rut."

I was weak, I tell you, and ailing, but despair made me strong that night.

I stooped down suddenly and gripped him by the two ankles and pulled them like lightning from under him, and he went over with an oath, the plate with the rat upon it shooting against the far wall, while his head struck the floor with a bump that might have been heard upon the battlements.

Then I closed with him on the floor, and as he raised his dazed head I gave him my fist between the eyes and stretched him out again like a lump of lead.

He lay there quietly, breathing heavily like a beast in distress, while I drew his sword out of the scabbard, and stepping out through the open door shut it again and bolted it noiselessly.

All outside was as silent as the grave, and after listening for a few moments I turned down the passage to my right and found myself facing the door of the house.

I undid the bolts cautiously, and peered out into the darkness. .

Far away through the misty night I could see the flickering lights of the Irish watch-fires circling round the town, while close at hand upon the walls I saw where "Roaring Meg" was resting from her labours, with a gunner leaning against her carriage and with one arm round her muzzle.

All along the ramparts I caught sight of dark figures in sleeping attitudes, while here and there a sentry stood erect with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon the distant fires.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a tumult which proceeded from the room which I had just quitted. I heard the door being violently shaken from the inside, a few fearful oaths followed, and then the cry of "Prisoner escaped"—"Guard the walls," rang out again and again upon the night air.

You have learnt by this, unless I am much mistaken, that it is in moments of dreadful danger, when hope seems at its final flicker, that I am generally seen at my best. It must be the Connaught blood in me, I think ; so cool, so collected, so rapid in decision was

I at this moment when a flash of hesitation might have changed my fate.

I grasped Hackett's sword more tightly, swung open the door fully and made a dash for the open space beside the gun.

Half-way across and a musket flashed behind me and a bullet wasted itself in space.

I was close to "Roaring Meg" now, but the sleeping gunner had caught the alarm, had sprung to his feet, and had drawn his long sword upon me as I came up on the run. He made a slash at my neck as I passed, missed me, and tripped over the end of the gun carriage, and before he could recover a back-handed cut from my sabre put an end to that danger, and "Meg" must have been served by a new attendant in the morning when she commenced her thunderings against the Irish lines.

I dropped my sword and was over the parapet in a flash, and as I hung over the wall for a moment another crash of musketry woke the echoes round me.

I dropped sheer down into the darkness, struck the ground with my shoulder, and



rolled over and over in the mud below. Then I gathered myself together and dashed out into the black darkness for the Irish lines.

Another volley burst from the walls, and I thought I had fallen among bees.

I felt my knees weakening, but I was nearly safe now when a third volley flashed behind me and I felt a pain like a red hot needle through my ankle, and I staggered and fell on the plain.

I heard a hoarse voice call from the battlements—"Open the gate and after him," and I could see the lights flickering on the figures crowded along the walls.

I tried to rise but could not move my ankle, and had given myself up for lost, staring stupidly at the dark mass of men, when the sound of a horse on the gallop broke upon my ears.

Something whirled past in the darkness, then stopped and came back towards me, and I saw the figure of a man leading a horse by the bridle and bending over my body.

He lifted me up like a child and swung me across the saddle. He mounted behind me and put one arm round my waist.

“Hold on like death,” he shouted, “it’s our last chance.”

Yes, it was the last chance.

The men of Derry were now within twenty yards, racing towards us with drawn sabres, and dividing so as to surround us. With a shout of defiance the strange horseman struck the noble animal with the spur and sprang with his burden towards the blockading lines, towards the flickering watch-fires—towards freedom !

As we burst over the Irish lines men crowded round us eagerly, and cheer after cheer echoed across the plain ; while the last thing that I remember as I fainted in the arms of my preserver was the foreign accent of De Rosen clear and hard upon my ear—

“Well done, Sir Richard Hamilton.”

## CHAPTER X.

### *A Triumph and a Retreat.*

YES, our gallant General had saved me, and only in the very nick of time.

He had been reconnoitring the walls with a view to another assault when he heard the shouts and the musketry, and had seen me drop over the parapet.

I was, therefore, deeply in his debt now, for his successful pleading with De Rosen about the prisoners had also been the means of saving me from certain death.

My ankle was not badly injured, the bullet having passed outside the bone, but my body was emaciated from the starvation I had suffered, and it took me some weeks to recover my former vigour.

Meanwhile the terrible siege went on until the close of July, when some English ships loaded with provisions broke the boom across the river and sailed in triumph up to the beleaguered town.

That night bonfires shone from the entire circuit of the walls, and our guns, which had been pouring a death hail into the devoted city, suddenly ceased their fire.

The game was over at last and Londonderry had triumphed.

On the first of August we received orders from Dublin to retreat, and soon the plain was covered with our marching masses of men with their pikes and banners glistening in the sun, and then gradually dwindling from view as we retreated up the left bank of the river towards Strabane.

Thus ended the siege of Derry, one of the bravest defences in the annals of war.

It was not so much a triumph over our cannon (which were few and not very powerful for modern siege work) or our commanders (who were incompetent) as a triumph over the forces of disease, starvation, and despair.

Since Sarsfield was away in Sligo, I have often wondered how different might have been the result of those operations if King

James had had the courage to dismiss De Rosen and to have offered the chief command to the one man there who possessed a natural instinct for the art of war.

I had, indeed, at one period contemplated offering my services in this way to his majesty, but abandoned the idea afterwards when I realized the bitter pain that must have been inflicted on the chivalrous but susceptible Sir Richard Hamilton.



## CHAPTER XI.

### *I face Death at Enniskillen.*

WHEN the Irish army had retreated from Derry Captain Dudley and I received orders to rejoin General Sarsfield, who was now holding the chief command in Connaught.

We had been stationed for some weeks at Sligo when Sarsfield sent me an urgent message by his aide-de-camp to call upon him at headquarters.

When I entered his room he received me with a very hearty welcome.

“I am glad to see you, Colonel O’Hara,” he said, laying emphasis on the word “Colonel.”

I blushed like a girl, and little wonder, for the truth is that my gallantry outside Derry and my dashing escape from prison had reached the King’s ears through Richard Hamilton, and I had been promoted to a

Colonelcy in Sarsfield's Horse. For to give King James his due, though he was not a brave man himself, he knew how to appreciate bravery in others.

"I have sent for you," Sarsfield went on, "because I have need of a resolute man in what may prove a dangerous adventure."

My ears cocked up at this, I can tell you, for what would a soldier's life be worth without the risk of danger, the chance of glory.

"You have heard," he continued, "of the desperate affair at Newtown-Butler when the Enniskilleners routed our troops and then slaughtered the fugitives to a man. Well, our leader in that fight, M'Carthy (now Lord Mountcashel) was wounded, not killed, as at first believed, and has lain for some time a prisoner in Maguire's Castle at Enniskillen. I have received news this morning that his gaoler has been bribed, but cannot get him out through the gates of the town without arousing suspicion. It has been agreed, therefore, that a coil of rope shall be conveyed to his cell, and a small boat hidden in the

rushes on the bank of the river opposite the castle. Mountcashel is to climb out of the window and drop down by means of the rope at midnight next Saturday.

“ You must be there at that hour, and when a light is given as a signal from his window, row across to the opposite bank and bring him off in safety. The river runs strongly at this point, so you must be careful. Are you willing to undertake all this ? ”

“ I ask for nothing better,” I replied, “ than to be the means of freeing a brave man, and a mission for you, General, is a thing that lies very close to my heart.”

He smiled, and then dismissed me, having told me to set out early in the morning to ensure my arrival at Enniskillen before night set in.

Saturday morning broke fine and clear as I saddled Ballyglunin and rode out of Sligo town in the direction of Lough Erne.

At mid-day I passed through Manorhamilton, and as the evening shadows were lengthening round Enniskillen I tethered Ballyglunin

to a tree on the far side of Portora Hill, where he could munch the long sweet grass, while I waited with impatience for the appointed hour to come.

The night was by no means an ideal one for my adventure. It was cloudy enough, but, unfortunately, a bright moon crept across the sky and breaking at intervals out of the dark banks which shrouded her beauty would light up the scene like day.

As the hour at last approached I left Ballyglunin at Portora and advanced with caution towards the river.

I found the boat there right enough, a mere skiff, however, that would barely hold two.

I saw the grim walls of Maguire's Castle rise in front of me and throw a shadow across the moonlight on the river. Then as the bell from the church upon the hill tolled the midnight hour I saw a light gleam from a window in the tower and at the same moment I saw a man's arm pointing towards the sky.

I caught the meaning in a flash, and knew that he wished to wait until the moon was

banked again, so I crouched down among the reeds watching the silver traveller in the sky, and listening to the beating of my heart

At last the moment came.

The moon dimmed suddenly and was gradually swallowed up in a dark bank of cloud, and at the same moment I saw the signal gleam a second time from the window as I pushed the skiff from the shore.

The Erne was at the flood and flowing rapidly, and as Sarsfield had told me the river was particularly strong at this point ; but a man who can handle a pair of oars like me would only laugh at the puny efforts which were made to change my course.

I was soon across the river and had tied the skiff to the bank when I heard a noise above me.

Looking upwards I saw a long thin rope creeping slowly down the tower like a snake, and whipping against the stonework as it fell.

Then from the window above I saw the dark outlines of a man's body squeezing



itself slowly through, and Lord Mountcashel let himself slip safely to the earth.

He crept to the edge of the river where I was crouching and grasped me by the hand.

“There is not a moment to be wasted, my lord,” I whispered, “the moon may be out upon us at any moment.”

We clambered into the skiff and pushed off, each taking an oar, and then the first piece of bad luck began.

We were pulling steadily across the current for the opposite bank when my lord, through nervousness, or God knows what, made a foul stroke and pitched over on his back, while the skiff swung round with the current and headed down the stream.

This was bad enough in its way, but could soon have been rectified in a few strokes, but as luck would have it Mountcashel had let the oar slip from his grasp and the river had whirled it out of his reach in a moment.

Cursing our bad fortune and my lord's ignorance with his oar, I stood up in the skiff

and tried to paddle her with the single blade, but all my efforts seemed fruitless, for the current held us in its power and bore the boat swiftly along towards the centre of the channel.

Then I saw the water round us beginning to shimmer faintly, and in a few moments the moon was turning the darkness into day.

I remember a sentry on the walls shouting something at us, and a musket flashed from the battlements of the tower.

Then the alarm was given and the sleeping town awoke, and lights began to flash along the walls.

We had come abreast of the big gun which faces Portora when I heard a voice calling clear through the midnight air :

“ Quick, boys, quick, and let Ned Spinner try his hand.”

Mountcashel turned to me with a face that looked white in the moonlight.

“ The man who managed ‘ Meg ’ at Derry,” he whispered hoarsely, “ the best artilleryman in Ulster.”

I damned Ned Spinner, and worked my paddle furiously.

Suddenly from the walls the great gun began to speak. There was a puff of white smoke, a flash, a roar, and a cannon ball whizzed over our heads, while Mountcashel's lips moved involuntarily in prayer.

"Cheer up, my lord," said I, "I believe we are closing to the bank and will cheat them yet."

"Spinner is only getting his eye in," says my lord, mournfully.

A second time the gun spoke and a ball plopped into the water within a yard of us and the spray of the splash broke across my face.

The current was now carrying us fast away, and hope was growing stronger in my breast, when my cheerful companion spoke again.

"The third time may be the charm," says he, in his cursed melancholy voice.

Well, sure enough, he was not far wrong, but it must have been on the battlements

that the charm was chiefly felt, for Ned Spinner had got his eye in this time with a vengeance.

The shot struck the skiff full across the stern and knocked her simply into little bits.

I remember being shot up into the air like a rocket and then falling down, down into the black waters of the Erne, and then coming up again to the surface gasping, struggling, and blowing like a hippopotamus.

Mountcashel had fared better than me, for he had been lightly clad, while I had been drawn down by the weight of my heavy uniform, sword and pistols.

When I had recovered myself and was striking out for the bank I saw that he was swimming powerfully in that direction, and so I had nothing but my own concerns to look after now.

Owing to the weight I carried, my powerful swimming was not bearing me in towards the Portora bank as rapidly as I could have wished, and I had eased up for a moment to glance around when a horrible shout broke

out in front of me, and I saw that they had launched a boat from the near corner of the town to cut me off before I could land.

On I swam furiously, every moment bringing me closer to the bank, while I could see the nose of the boat in the moonlight creeping nearer and nearer.

The shouting was coming closer, the bank was coming closer, and I struggled on, on.

I saw a fellow in the bow of the boat stand up and raise his musket at me, but someone shouting out that I was to be taken alive, he lowered the gun, probably taking me for Mountcashel.

I doubt if there was twenty yards between us when I clutched the bank and swung myself up out of the water.

Even then my doom must have been sealed had there been deep water where the boat was dashing in, but luck was with me at the last, for her keel got stuck in the shallows some five yards from the shore, and it was that alone which saved me.



As I rose to my feet and made a dash for the open country the fellow in the bow had a crack at me with his musket, but missed me badly for so close a range.

I broke away into the darkness in the direction of Portora Hill, and in a few moments I could hear them shouting and pounding through the thicket after me.

So the hounds were after the poor hare.

Well, not a hare but an O'Hara, and you know how I can run !

The pace was, indeed, wonderful in spite of my clothes heavy with wet, and my boots squashing out water at every stride. Indeed, had it been daylight they might have tracked me by the dampness of my trail.

I had left my pursuers far behind, and broke at last into the glade where I had tethered my horse. I looked round in dismay. Ballyglunin was gone !

I turned in the darkness of the trees and fled up to the top of Portora Hill, where I clambered up into the branches of an

enormous tree which crowns the summit.

I was so utterly exhausted that I could proceed no further, and would probably be safe enough here until the morning.

From my position on the tree I could hear the sounds of my baffled pursuers far away on the right, and when I had sufficiently rested myself I pushed aside the branches of my hiding place and looked out.

A scene of matchless beauty stretched around me. The island-town below lay bathed in the glorious moonlight, and I could see the church spire glistening like a spear as it rose up from the centre of the walls. Lights were moving here and there in every quarter, and the alarm bell was still being rung at intervals. A signal gun boomed suddenly from the battlements, doubtless to recall the pursuers from the chase, and I saw the white smoke standing like a piece of wool out of the embrasure and then melting into nothingness in the summer air.

The protecting waters of the Erne that lay around the restless town mirrored back the

moonlight with a shimmering splendour, while the gently undulating ground that faded in the background was crowned with the glory of a perfect summer's night.

The last thing that I noticed before I sank to slumber in my precarious resting-place was the round tower on Devenish rising up like a giant through the trees; its cone-shaped summit showing clear against the sky, with the four grim stone faces that keep staring for ever towards the four corners of the world.

## CHAPTER XII.

*I complete my mission.*

I could never tell how long I slept in that Portora tree-top, but when I awoke the dawn had already broken over Enniskillen and was flooding the east with a glow of crimson glory, while the happy birds around me were pouring forth their welcome to the newly-awakened day.

I had stretched out both my arms and was about to yawn when a movement underneath the tree attracted my attention, and looking down between the branches I became so paralyzed with astonishment that I could not have moved a muscle for the crown of France.

In the open glade that lay beyond the tree some half-dozen sturdy Enniskilleners were lying wrapt in slumber, while a sentry at the end of the glade some fifty yards away kept marching to and fro with his musket on his shoulder.

The real surprise, however, was the figure of Lord Mountcashel bound with ropes to the trunk of my tree, while my darling Ballyglunin was tethered some few paces away.

When I had sufficiently recovered from that astonishment I considered the situation and resolved on immediate action.

Leaning carefully out between the branches I whispered Mountcashel's name.

He looked up, startled, and then a smile broke across his face.

"Don't speak or move," I continued, "I can cut your bonds from here with the point of my sword. When you are free wait until the sentry turns and mount behind me on the horse, and then may God speed us on towards liberty."

He nodded his head to show he understood, and the next moment I had drawn my sword and stretching down along the trunk I sawed at the ropes which bound him.

When I had properly freed him I glided down the tree, and waiting until our sentry



was on his outward march I stole over to Ballyglunin with Mountcashel after me.

As I sprang into the saddle with my comrade after me the horse gave a whinny of affectionate greeting which awoke one of the sleeping Enniskilleners, who sprang to his feet with a yell.

I drew my sword, plunged my spurs into Ballyglunin, and dashed for the open glade.

The sentry in front of us had turned at the alarm and fired his musket at me, the bullet striking the saddle with a thud and glancing harmlessly off. Then he clubbed his musket and tried to brain me as I passed. I caught the falling stock upon my sword and shattered it to pieces, and as the man staggered from the blow Mountcashel leaned over from behind me and struck him full in the forehead with the butt of an empty pistol, knocking him senseless to the earth.

The way was now free unless Ballyglunin fell. But the noble animal served us well that day and tore down the hill at the full gallop, while a few useless musket shots were

expended upon us by the infantry behind.

On reaching the road below I turned in the saddle and looked backwards. The sturdy Enniskilleners—descendants probably of those men who forty years before had helped to ravish Ireland with fire and sword—were crowning the hill-top and staring after us in stupid wonder. Taking the northern road we galloped on through the lovely summer morning until Enniskillen lay many miles behind us. Then we turned westwards and reached Manorhamilton late that afternoon.

On the journey there Mountcashel had told me his adventures.

After being immersed in the river he had struck out boldly for the bank, and being lightly clad and a fine swimmer he had soon landed safely. Then running inland towards Portora he had entered the glade where Ballyglunin was standing tethered, and had appropriated the horse. Finally, when well on his journey northwards, he had trotted straight into the middle of a group of infantry who had been out reconnoitring from

Enniskillen. These men had captured him and brought him back to Portora, when they had encamped in the early morning when they first met my astonished gaze.

I made no comment on his story or his stealing of my horse, which struck me as a proceeding of unsurpassable coolness.

That afternoon we separated at Manorhamilton, my lord going south and finally embarking for France, while I continued my journey to Sligo and to Sarsfield.

I came into the General's room all stained with toil and travel, and I told him in a few words my strange, eventful story.

When he had finished he came proudly towards me and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"It was nobly done, O'Hara, and I thank you from my heart," he said.

"Yours are the attributes we want so badly now—to be brave, to be hopeful, to be self-reliant. Had we more men of that stamp in this poor land to-day, we Irish might become a nation and not a race of slaves."

Then he took my hand and clasped it in his own, and I saw the old proud look upon his face that only came when some great action had stirred the very fibres of his heart.

I only saw him look like that on two occasions after, during our all too brief acquaintance.

Once on that night when he took the guns at Ballyneety, and afterwards when I saw him standing like a conqueror, amid the smoking ruins, on the day when he drove the Dutch usurper back from the shattered walls of Limerick.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *Happy Days at Lucan.*

THE success of the Ulster Protestants necessitated the evacuation of Connaught, and early in autumn General Sarsfield retreated to Dublin until King James and his shifty advisers had decided the movements of the next campaign.

To my delight, as you can imagine, I was again sent with Captain Dudley to Lucan to act as a bodyguard to General Sarsfield.

The hardships I had endured in the last campaign were fully atoned for now by the happy days which followed with Moira Delamarque at Lucan. There were endless balls, too, in Dublin and the great houses round about, while better still—I had the simple country pleasures of Lucan House.

The Lady Honoria took every opportunity of bringing Moira and me together, and the



tender friendship (if I may use no other name) was increasing day by day.

During one visit, when I was lamenting my sad ignorance of the French language, she volunteered very prettily to become my schoolmistress.

I need hardly tell you how gladly I acquiesced in that arrangement, but on the conditions that I should be allowed in return to instruct her in the Irish tongue.

To this she made no objection, but unfortunately finding after a few lessons that all the Irish words I taught her were words of endearment, she declared with a blush that she must ask me to desist from any further instruction.

The only thing that marred those happy days was the jealousy of my old friend, Captain Dudley, whose constant attentions annoyed Moira greatly, and at times, indeed, my comrade of many lonely bivouacs became a perfect nightmare to my little friend.

He used every means to entrap her affections. He used every opportunity of

constantly meeting her, and would get into the grounds of Lucan House on the plea of fishing in the Liffey. I have seen the great fool standing for hours on the bank trying his hand at trout, he said, but I had only too good reason to know that he was dangling for another sort of fish.

I shall never forget how pained I felt one evening at a party which the Lady Honoria had given in Moira's honour.

We were playing a childish game called forfeits after dinner.

When a gentleman had to redeem he was obliged to take a candle from the candlestick and place it in the hands of *the lady whom he loved best*, whereupon the lady in question had to give him a kiss, or what was considered more correct, hold out her hand to be kissed instead.

Towards the conclusion of the game Captain Dudley had to redeem, and he went over (with great insolence, I thought) and placed the candle in Moira's hand. Whereupon, to

my horror, my little friend put both her hands behind her back and gave him a look that meant "You may if you dare"—which showed plainly that she understood the trick. He then stooped down and kissed her, although no gentleman would have dared to have taken so underhand an advantage.

Another unpleasant incident took place at the ball given at Luttrellstown House which lives particularly in my memory. All the great families round Dublin were there, for even the Protestants who were adherents of William of Orange could not resist the fascinations of a dance. So they took out their ball-dresses and locked their principles in the wardrobe, as one beautiful girl told me whose father objected to her coming but whose mother suffered from the dancing craze.

Moira Delamarque was, of course, present with the Sarsfields, and her's was perhaps the most beautiful of all the lovely faces that caught the eye in every quarter of the vast ballroom.

I was her partner in most of the dances,

although I noticed with secret disappointment that she honoured Captain Dudley far more than I cared for.

He made himself disagreeable, too, on more than one occasion.

I remember during the whirl of one dance a hook in the breast of my uniform caught in the lace of Moira's dress so that we were linked together in the most awkward fashion. While I was trying to disentangle myself Captain Dudley came behind us and whispered "Ominous" in the most insolent tone. I thought I could have called him out and killed him.

Next day at Lucan House I thought Moira treated me with even more tenderness than usual.

She was watering her garden in the evening when I came in (for she had a kind of passion for flowers) and asked me to help her to transplant a little rose tree to another part of the garden. I did so, and became, I think, rather sentimental, asking her to remember that it

had been planted by me and to think of me always whenever she watered it.

"I have sweeter memories of you than that," she answered tenderly, and looked such a perfect picture holding the watering pot in her hand that I think I must have fallen on my knees and confessed my love, only the war was not yet over, and I thought it a cowardly thing to bind a young girl to a man who might be a corpse in the next action. For considering that I am generally in the forefront of a battle this fate was by no means improbable.

The little rose tree (practically a memento of our love) was the cause of trouble afterwards. For walking with Captain Dudley next day Moira told him about it in the full innocence of her heart, whereupon my fine gentleman uttered an oath, pulled the rose tree up by the roots and flung it into the Liffey.

That night I sent an officer to him with my card, and next morning at daybreak we fought a duel by the banks of the river. After



half a dozen strokes I disarmed him and had him at my mercy.

Sheathing my sword with contempt I turned to him and said, "I would not care for Mademoiselle Delamarque to think that I had spilled blood in her name." Then I turned and strode from the field, leaving him alone in his shame.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

*The Duke of Schomberg moves.*

BUT fortunately perhaps for myself I had but little time left to fret over a rose tree or a game of forfeits, for a greater game was beginning far beyond the walls of Lucan House, and the stake that two men were playing for was the crown of England.

Our army had been recruited again after the disastrous campaign which had just closed, but only the cavalry under Hamilton, Sarsfield and Galmoy were properly equipped and drilled. The infantry were badly clothed, many of them possessed no weapons of any kind, while they were totally devoid of any military discipline.

Eager and faithful they were in our cause, but something more than this was required in men who would be obliged to face some of the finest infantry in Europe.

Tyrconnell worked bravely to bring in recruits, and thousands of half-starved Rapparees flocked to King James's standard, nor did the richer classes hold back in this hour of trial. Their country crushed in slavery by the Cromwellian hordes and their creed insulted and despised, appealed to all the best instincts in the subject race. From north and south, from east and west, they poured into Dublin eagerly clamouring for arms and equipment that they might be led against the foe. But the call was in many cases unanswered, for the supply of arms was utterly insufficient, and as for equipment, King James had so little money left in his treasury that he was now occupied in the melting of cannon into coin.

On the 12th of August, 1689, the Duke of Schomberg sailed from England with some 20,000 men and entered Belfast Lough on the following day. He proceeded to attack Carrickfergus, which was held for King James by MacCarthy Mor, who capitulated after a week's siege, and the garrison was allowed

to march out with drums beating and banners waving to join the Duke of Berwick, who was stationed at Newry.

In spite of the capitulation they had a narrow shave of being massacred by the Protestants in that district, and the gallant old veteran, Schomberg (who was now close upon eighty years of age) was forced to ride up and down with a pistol in his hand threatening to shoot anyone who should offer them molestation.

Schomberg now advanced to Loughbrickland where he was joined by the Enniskilleners, who helped to swell his already formidable army.

Passing through Carlingford he reached Newry, which had been held by Berwick, who had burned the works and retreated on Drogheda. Here King James had unfurled his standard to the breeze only to rapidly fold it up again later on.

Schomberg now entrenched himself at Dundalk and occupied himself in disciplining his men and increasing the strength of his

camp, while he made use of the Enniskilleners as skirmishers.

As the autumn season advanced the rains flooded his camp and turned it into a marsh. Soon a plague burst out among his troops and he lost close upon 3,000 men. We heard they had so many dead that they used corpses as tables to dice upon, but as to this I do not know, but we saw their ships going daily to Carlingford with the sick.

The plague also attacked the King's troops, and after some delay they retired at his command to Dublin, having effected no movement of any value.

During all this time I was stationed at Dublin with my hands full enough of work, receiving fresh recruits, and having them drilled and properly equipped.

So the old year passed away and 1690 came in at last, but brought no change in the position of the rival armies in Ireland.

In March Schomberg was reinforced by a body of 7,000 Danes, and we heard that many



fresh regiments were being rapidly raised in England and Scotland to assist the Prince of Orange in the coming campaign which he had decided to conduct in person.

On the 14th March, 1690, General De Lauzun came over from France to aid our cause, bringing with him some 7,000 troops from King Louis.

On landing at Kinsale he marched to Dublin, where King James received him cordially and gave him the chief command.

Some three months later the news reached us in Dublin that William of Orange had landed at Carrickfergus, and that he had at his command an army of some 38,000 men of various nationalities: Dutch, Danes, Brandenburgers, Finlanders, French, Swiss, Norwegians, English, Scotch Presbyterians and Ulster Protestants.

Our army, which had advanced considerably north, now commenced to retreat.

We burned Dundalk and retreated to Drogheda followed by William of Orange,

whose fleet sailed along the coast and kept company with the army as it steadily advanced.

On the 29th of June the enemy had reached Ardee, and on Monday, the 30th, marched from there to the Boyne river where our army was waiting for them.

Early that morning General Sarsfield, Richard Hamilton and I had been reconnoitring at Oldbridge on the right of our position when we called De Lauzun's attention to a group of men seated on a mound near the opposite bank.

"That's Orange," Sarsfield cried, his keen eye having caught sight of the stately figure of the Prince, as he stood up for a moment from the breakfast which they were all employed upon.

Two pieces of artillery were quickly sent for and concealed behind a hedge by the river, and as the Prince of Orange finished his meal and was about to depart the guns spoke and flashed their contents in among his party.

One shot cut down a man and two horses, and the second struck the Prince, and, as we supposed, killed him; but it turned out afterwards to be only a flesh wound with some loss of blood.

It was a near thing, however, and I doubt if Orange ever had a closer shave.

After this I retired with General Sarsfield who commanded the King's escort, and I felt with disgust that this would mean being merely a spectator in the coming fight; for the King always kept well in the background and was fully prepared for flight at any moment.

To my delight, however, Richard Hamilton desired to strengthen his position at Donore and asked Sarsfield to reinforce him, so the General sent me with a company of horse that night to the river.

It was upon this occasion that Captain Dudley's bitter jealousy again broke out (as Moira informed me afterwards), on hearing Richard Hamilton turn to De Lauzun and say in a voice of suppressed emotion as I

advanced over the brow of the hill—a stately figure on Ballyglunin—“Thank God, we’ve got O’Hara at the Boyne.”

For knowing that I was on duty with King James’s escort, Hamilton had naturally concluded that I would have to occupy a useless position in the rear, though a rumour had gone about that the King would offer me the command at Slane.

So the summer evening dimmed and faded, and blotted out the opposing armies gathered along the green banks of the Boyne. The stars came out and wheeled around the heavens, and twinkled and paled and died.

Then dawn broke at last on the 1st of July,\* and ushered in a day big with fate for Ireland.

\* 12th July, new style

## CHAPTER XV.

### *The Battle of the Boyne.*

THE morning of the battle broke in glorious sunshine, which lit up the beauty of the country round us, the rich fields stretching as far as the eye could see, and the gentle declivities of Donore reaching down to the river, which thinned away in the direction of Drogheda and looked like a strip of molten steel under the rays of the risen sun.

I write of the events which followed from my own personal experiences on our side of the river, while my friend, Captain Marshall, of the Enniskillen dragoons, whose prisoner I was at Slane, has assisted me in the movements of the enemy.

Our army numbered 26,000 men, while the Prince of Orange had collected some 38,000 underneath his banner. The army of William consisted almost entirely of foreign



and English regiments, with a sprinkling of Enniskilleners and Ulster Protestants thrown in.\*

Our position was well chosen.

The Boyne from Slane to Drogheda is some eight miles in length and flows mainly from west to east.

As it approaches the Hill of Donore it bends to the north, and making a semi-circular curve turns again to the south-east and then straight on to Drogheda.

It was on the tongue of land between Donore Hill and the curve of the river that the battlefield was situated.

The Hill of Donore, which is more or less steep on its western side, slopes down on the northern side in easy undulations to the river.

On the low ground close to the edge of the Boyne stood the village of Oldbridge, and

\* Dutch, Danes, Brandenburgers, Finlanders, Swiss, Norwegians, French, Scotch, and English composed that formidable array; but the average Orangeman is still firmly convinced that the Battle of the Boyne was exclusively won by the men of Portadown, Belfast, and Tandragee. On the other side were Irish and French with Scotch, and English Jacobites.

here the river can be easily forded at low water, as the tide comes up a little further than the shallows.

At Rosnaree, which lay between Oldbridge and Slane, there was another ford which cavalry could cross, and lastly, to complete the description of our position, there was a bridge crossing the river at Slane.

Our artillery, which consisted of twelve small pieces belonging to our French allies, was divided into two batteries, one of which was placed to the south of Oldbridge, while the other commanded the ford opposite to Yellow Island.

Some small breastworks had been thrown up opposite Oldbridge and close to the river to protect Tyrconnell's dragoons, who were defending that village.

The enemy's camp was pitched behind the Hill of Tullyallen, and was intersected by two defiles, by which the river could be reached in a few minutes. The great advantage of their position was that it enabled them to

follow every movement of our men, while concealing their own until the moment of attack.

Their artillery was planted on two hillocks at the mouths of the defiles, and was immensely superior to ours, which lay directly opposite. They had no less than fifty guns against our twelve, besides some mortars, and the day before had dismounted two from our batteries with a well-directed fire.

Their plan of attack (which I learnt afterwards was suggested by that old veteran, Schomberg, and not by the Prince of Orange as we all supposed), was to force the passage of the river at the Oldbridge ford, and at the same time to cross the bridge at Slane higher up and turn our left flank.

It was, indeed, a noble conception, and if properly carried out might have ended the campaign by the defeat and capture of our entire army, including even our restless King, who had all preparations completed for flight, if necessary, to Dublin.

In the consultation which was held by our leaders on the previous night Richard Hamilton was the first to hint to the King the possibility of the Slane bridge movement, and suggested that eight regiments should be sent to defend that important point.

The King, in answer, proposed to send only fifty dragoons, his mind, I suppose, being chiefly concerned about the possibility of flight to Dublin, for he had actually detached six of our twelve guns to guard his baggage, which was dispatched early on the following morning. Finally he agreed to send Sir Neal O'Neale to the ford at Rosnaree, below Slane, with his regiment of 800 dragoons.

Shortly after sunrise, "Orange" (as Sarsfield termed him), or "the little Dutchman" (as General De Lauzun called him, though our Frenchman himself was a mite of a man), ordered the English guns to play along our lines, and at the same time he dispatched some 13,000 horse and foot to pass the bridge at Slane and turn our left flank.

This movement was not perceived by us for some time, as a hill on the other side of the river cloaked the movements of the marching men, and it was not until their advance guard had crossed the Mattock River at Monk-Newton that we realized the full force of our danger. These horse and foot soldiers now divided, the horse, under Portland and Count Schomberg (not the veteran), came down by Knowth and crossed the river by the ford at Rosnaree, while the foot, under Douglas, passed over the bridge at Slane. When their cavalry attempted to cross at Rosnaree Sir Neal O'Neale made a noble defence with his dragoons, holding the enemy in check for nearly an hour, until their infantry (having crossed the undefended bridge at Slane) came out with a park of artillery and the gallant O'Neale fell mortally wounded. Then our dragoons retreated in the direction of Duleek, pursued by the reunited forces of the enemy.

Our Commander-in-chief, De Lauzun, realizing the danger rather late in the day now

attempted to repair his negligence by ordering the whole of our left wing (which was chiefly composed of French troops) to march to the left and oppose the right wing of the enemy, who had crossed at Slane and Rosnaree.

Meanwhile the enemy's main body under the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Schomberg were bombarding the stone houses at Oldbridge village and the breastworks we had erected, and from where I stood I could see the little Dutchman directing the fire of one of the batteries with his own hands.

His troops during this bombardment were kept well under cover out of reach of our small battery of six guns which the King had left us ; but we were to lose even these, for De Lauzun ordered them to be moved to the left wing to assist the French infantry in their attack upon the enemy's right.

King James now assisted in bringing about the second terrible mistake of that eventful day.

Thinking that the main body of the enemy would follow their right wing and cross after



them at Slane and Rosnaree, he drew off our men defending Oldbridge to assist De Lauzun on our left, leaving only Tyrconnell's dragoons and two brigades of his first line. The reason that he gave Sarsfield, when my General hinted that he might as well have taken all away when he left so few, is, I think, characteristic of the Royal runaway—

“ I do not see fit to draw them all away,” said he, “ as the cannon with my baggage is not far enough advanced on the way to Dublin.”

The King then rejoined De Lauzun taking Sarsfield with him, whose great services were therefore lost to us for that day.

So the fords at Oldbridge were left insufficiently defended, while our right wing (composed of cavalry) was far off between Oldbridge and Drogheda.

The Prince of Orange having heard that his right wing had successfully crossed the river now ordered his main body under Schomberg to cross the ford at Oldbridge, taking the water in four divisions at four different places

He himself led the left wing which was chiefly composed of cavalry, across the deep ford at Pass, just below Yellow Island.

At half-past ten in the morning I heard the bugles ring out on the far side of the Boyne, and out of the mouth of one of the defiles came the Blue Dutch Guards.

They came down to the river at the double, their drums beating and their banners flying, while I heard their shrill fifes scream out the insulting tune of "Lullibullero."

Following close after them came the French Huguenots and the Enniskilleners.

The Blue Dutch Guards took the river highest up the stream, while the French and Enniskilleners dashed fiercely into the water by Grave Island, where, checked for a moment by the reeds and osiers, they at length burst their way through.

After these came Sir John Hanmer and Count Nassau with their regiments ; and then, last of all, the Danish and German troops poured out of the eastern defile, and entered the river between the two islands.

In a few moments the glittering waters of the Boyne seemed turned into one mass of armed and struggling men.

The bodies of the Dutchmen who had first entered the stream in numbers actually blocked the current for the moment, and the depth of the water increasing rapidly obliged them to hold their muskets overhead, while the loud beating of their drums suddenly ceased as the water passed beyond their waists.

Our men reserved their fire until the Dutch were half-way across, and then a whole peal of shot came from the hedges, breastworks and houses.

It had little effect, however, on the dogged Dutchmen, who on reaching the bank formed themselves up in battle array and charging Tyrconnell's dragoons scattered them like chaff before the wind ; but before the Dutch could pursue them a squadron of Hamilton's Horse came up on the gallop and drove the Blues back on the river.

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The battle now developed into a confused *melée*, and skirmish after skirmish followed in quick succession.

Our foot soldiers came from behind the sheltering hill and were assisted by the cavalry of the right wing who had come up to their support.

Richard Hamilton, whose gallant conduct on that day may have entitled him to be called the hero of the Boyne (but I do not care to dispute that matter now), placed himself at the head of a body of foot, and leading them down to the river attacked the two regiments of Huguenots under Caillemote and Cambon while they were still crossing.

He dashed into the water to encourage the rest, and in the midst of the carnage seemed to bear a charmed life.

A panic now fell on our undisciplined foot, and they broke and scattered, leaving their noble leader without support. Seeing his danger I came up with my squadron of horse and rescued him from a perilous position.

He now placed himself at our head and we charged the men of Hanmer's and Nassau's regiments, sabring them in the very bed of the river.

At last we were obliged to retreat before superior numbers, but rallying on the bank we charged the French Huguenots again, and tore through the regiments of Caillemote and Cambon. With a remnant of only eight men we returned at last to the main body, and Hamilton heading us once more we broke on Nassau's regiment with such a fury that many of them were driven back even to the opposite shore.

Our foot had now rallied, and supported by Hamilton's Horse charged the Dutch in the open, but were forced to retire, after some deadly work had been accomplished with the pike.

The French Huguenots, the Enniskilleners, and Sir John Hanmer's regiment were now charged by the Duke of Berwick and Lord Galmoy, but they received the shock like adamant. The Danish Horse, however, who

had just come over, did not fare so well, for a troop of horse dispatched against them by the vigilant Hamilton charged them so home that they went back faster than they came, some of them never looking behind until they had recrossed the river.

At this time the confusion became terrible, for nothing could be seen except smoke and dust, or anything heard but a continual fire for about half an hour.

The constant charges of our horse had confused the enemy's troops and prevented their joint action, for we had broken every regiment with the exception of the gallant Ennis-killeners and the Dutch Blues.

The Huguenots were now in confusion, having lost their leader, Caillemote, and it was at this period, I remember, that the Duke of Schomberg, who had come across to Old-bridge, put himself at their head, and pointing, it was said, at the French Catholics on our side, cried out : " Come on gentlemen, there are your persecutors ! "



The Huguenots were advancing rapidly under this gallant veteran when Hamilton ordered me to charge with my squadron of Sarsfield's Horse, and we broke with a roar on the French lines.

As I dashed up at the head of my gallant fellows I fired my pistol point blank at the Duke's neck, and O'Toole, who was behind me, cut him down with the sabre.

George Walker, the hero of Londonderry, who had been made Bishop of Derry by the Prince of Orange, was also slain close by when coming to Schomberg's aid with a company of Enniskilleners.

We swept on through the Huguenots, many of our fine fellows being cut to pieces in the charge, but Ballyglunin bore me safely through, and slashed and wounded and drenched in sweat and blood I rejoined Sir Richard Hamilton.

The fight by the Oldbridge fords had lasted for close upon an hour, and had been so fiercely contended that many old soldiers

told me afterwards that they had never seen brisker work.

We were now obliged to retreat before the superior force of the enemy to the Hill of Donore, where our horse and foot drew up in good order and were determined to resist to the end.

The Prince of Orange had come on the field rather late. He had been bogged on the Meath side of the river and was obliged to dismount until his charger had been extricated.

He now advanced with his usual gallantry against our position at Donore, and led the Danish Horse in person.

Hamilton again charged with our cavalry, and so hotly that the Danes were broken and the Prince was for some moments in considerable danger.

After this he led the Enniskilleners against us, and it was now that he seemed to bear a charmed life, for he was struck by two balls, one grazing the cap of his pistol, and the other carrying off the heel of his boot.

Finally, I saw him again advancing against us at the head of Solmes's Dutch Blues.

I had seen him far off on that morning when the cannon ball had grazed his shoulder, but I now saw him almost face to face. A small but stately figure he appeared on horseback, and as he turned to give an order to the Blues I saw clearly a face that will never be forgotten. A lofty brow, with a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, a firm cut mouth, and eyes whose martial fire no sorrow or disease could dim ; for he appeared to me to be pale and thin with deep lines of care across the solemn face.

His whole attack was now concentrated upon the Hill of Donore, from which we were finally driven after a fierce resistance. Overcome by the superiority of numbers we made an orderly retreat towards Duleek, our horse soldiers protecting the foot.

About a mile and a half south of Oldbridge, at a place, I think, called Plotin Castle, the pressure of the enemy became exceptionally fierce, and it was here that Hamilton and I

made that last great charge which was talked of for many a day after by both the combatants.

We had routed the Enniskilleners with considerable slaughter, but proceeding too far we came face to face with the Prince of Orange and the main body of the enemy.

I had cut down one of Solmes's Blues who had threatened Hamilton's life, and was bursting with uplifted sword upon the little Dutchman when a musket shot struck my darling Ballyglunin, and changed, perhaps, the destiny of Europe. As my noble charger lay struggling in the death agony I tried to rise and extricate myself, but a foot soldier clubbed me with his musket and knocked me senseless on the plain.

It was a cruel blow, for when I came to myself again I was lying beside the dead body of Ballyglunin with my head almost swimming in a pool of blood.

The Prince of Orange was standing hard by engaged in conversation with Richard

Hamilton, who had been taken prisoner. The Prince was muttering something about "Honour," and the prisoner seemed crest-fallen. As I tried to raise my head the little Dutchman saw me, and beckoning to one of his attendants pointed and said, "See that my surgeon attends him."

Then turning to Richard Hamilton he added with significance, "If your foot, sir, could produce such heroes as your horse, I might have found this task impossible."

I sank back against the body of Ballyglunin, and proud, I must confess, of such praise from one of the first soldiers in Europe.

Meanwhile the battle rolled on towards Duleek. General De Lauzun, who was at first hotly assailed by the enemy's right wing, now skilfully conducted the retreat.

Our right wing, under Tyrconnell and Berwick, joined in with him at Duleek, having marched from Donore by the Hill of Cruizrath. We crossed the Nanney Water and another great stand was made there, the artillery on both sides coming into play.

When the Prince of Orange arrived with the remainder of the enemy we retreated in good order towards Dublin, save for the few stragglers who had thrown away their arms and were mercilessly shot down like hares among the corn.

The Prince of Orange left his foot at Duleek and pursued us with his horse as far as Naul.

It was now ten o'clock at night. The stars were gleaming over the battlefield, their pale light falling on the ghastly faces and the torn bodies of the slain. Beside Donore the Irish dead lay thickest. The firing at Naul had died upon my ears as I lay on the cold ground near Plotin Castle propped up by a pillow which the kindly surgeon had obtained—and when that last stand was made at Naul, the King, for whom we Irish died, was safe in Dublin, thirty miles away !

I turned over in my pain and tried to sleep. The summer night crept slowly on as I lay there staring at the circling stars—the silence



broken by the far-off moaning of the wounded and the dying. The trees beyond Donore were rustling with the gentle summer breeze that stirred the ripples on the bosom of the river, while its blood-stained waters hurried towards the sea.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *I rest at Monasterboice.*

THE next day I was removed to Slane and placed in a temporary hospital there with other wounded soldiers, in charge of Captain Marshall of the Enniskillen Dragoons.

He turned out a very pleasant fellow, and when my wound became sufficiently healed to enable me to enjoy his conversation we would go over again and again every phase of the great fight, being occasionally interrupted by a Scotch soldier called M'Gregor, who insisted in pointing out the proper moves we Irish should have made.

When I was recovering, a surprise awaited me one day in a visit from the Abbot of Monasterboice, a cousin of my dear mother's, who heard of my whereabouts while he was visiting some of the wounded Irish soldiers.

That afternoon he obtained leave from my kind friend, Marshall, to bring me to his home for rest and change until the prisoners were ordered to be sent to Dublin, and I set out with him on horseback with my poor head swathed around with bandages like any turbaned Turk.

The country all around was quite deserted, as the invading army had moved on to Dublin and were now preparing for the march on Limerick, to which our army had retreated.

King James, however, was not with them. His early flight from the Boyne water had been continued from Dublin to Waterford, where he put to sea in the *Count de Lauzun*, and making towards Kinsale joined a French frigate and sailed for France.

The Abbot and I moved our horses slowly forward as I was still weak from my wound. We soon approached our destination, and I caught sight of the great landmark rising above the low hills in whose bosom, ten centuries before, Saint Boyce had planted the Cross of the Redeemer.

The rich beauty of the scene enchanted my vision after the rugged barrenness of Connaught.

We stood now in the very heart of this favoured region, which seemed to stretch from the Dublin Hills in the south to Slieve Donard and the Mourne Mountains in the north, and from the sea to the western horizon dipping down on the rich plains of Meath and Oriel.

In front of us the sun still lighted up the golden wealth of a ripening harvest, while behind us the distant towers of Drogheda were touched into dusky beauty on their western buttresses and battlements.

We now continued our journey, and soon before us in a green hollow, half-way up the hills' declivity, stood the old grey tower, lonely and wan as any ghost in daylight, the only thing that caught no mellowing tint from the sweet influences of the hour.

Beyond it lay the ruined abbey and the chapel with the great carved crosses standing

round. These took some brightness from the happy sunshine in direct contrast to the grey giant that towered above them in melancholy splendour.

In this sweet spot I found the needed rest after the heat of battle and the shock of arms, and the aged Abbot, who himself had been through the stress of the Cromwellian wars, regaled me with stories of those stirring times of horror.

My pleasant holiday, however, was soon to end, for a few days after my arrival a messenger came in from Captain Marshall telling me to return to Slane that night, as a sudden order had been received for all the prisoners to proceed to Dublin.

That last evening comes back to me now like a picture on the memory.

I remember when I had bidden the Abbot good-bye, had thanked him for all his goodness, and received the blessing of our Church, I went out in the fading evening light to take a last look at the round tower which had won an abiding affection in my heart.

The melancholy about it seemed to deepen as I stepped across to Muredach's Cross and stood there surrounded by these memorials of the dead. The great age of all the tombstones, exposed to the rain-storms of so many centuries, gave to the place a special loneliness—it seemed so long ago since all these quiet strangers passed from the noise and turmoil of the world.

I took a last farewell.

The Angelus was ringing as I crossed the ancient churchyard and all the countryside was shrouded in the sadness of a summer's evening. •

The shadows were lengthening one by one across the old grey tombstones, standing there like time-worn sentinels to mark the few handfuls of hushing dust in unremembered graves.

So to this end we all must come at last and leave the sunshine and the song of birds—love, friendship, strong ambition.

Just a little folding of the hands to sleep,



and then the darkness—with only those words which were spoken sixteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith—and through the broken vault a gleam of the Star of Bethlehem.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### *The Birmingham Tower.*

THE second night after my departure from Monasterboice I found myself standing in the courtyard of Dublin Castle and waiting to be assigned a prison.

Captain Marshall, who had accompanied us with a troop of horse from Slane, now came up to bid me good-bye, and to tell me that Captain Farlow had decided to give me comfortable quarters in the Birmingham Tower with an officer of my own regiment who had been captured in a skirmish some few days before.

Then came one of the most unpleasant surprises of my life.

The soldier in whose charge I was placed conducted me up to my room in the top storey of the famous tower, and unlocking the door told me to enter.

Then I heard the key grating in the lock.

The room was small and very gloomy, a small barred window some ten feet from the floor being the only means of obtaining light or air. In the feeble summer twilight which struggled through I saw the figure of a man seated on one of the two beds which occupied the room.

He raised his head and stared at me, and I saw that it was Captain Dudley.

I have been in many unpleasant situations during my eventful life, but I never remember my heart sinking as it did on this occasion, and for some moments I could see nothing but the picture of Moira's sweet face being raised up towards this brute's and waiting to be kissed at forfeits! However, what can't be cured must be endured, and I went up and greeted the man sulkily.

After some days, however, mutual loneliness made us fair companions, and we began to talk at last more briskly and even to cheer one another with the thought that it could not be long before Sarsfield would have us exchanged for some of his own prisoners.

A week went slowly by and brought us, as far as I can remember, to the close of July, but no whisper of our release came.

It was then my restless spirit began to fret at the long confinement, and one day when I had been staring hopelessly at the little barred window with its pinch of sunlight creeping through, there came upon me slowly the daring idea of a desperate dash for freedom and for Limerick, where my beloved Sarsfield had gone.

"I must get out of this rat-hole," I said to Captain Dudley, and drew the little wooden table which we used for meals underneath the window.

"Are you mad," he answered, "what about the bars?"

For answer I drew from my pocket a great coarse clasp knife and held it up to him.

He burst into an insolent fit of laughter, so that I could have struck him across the face.

"What?" he cried, "that thing, and three thick bars of iron!"

"One bar," I answered, "not three. Take out the centre one and any man who longs for freedom will find a way through," and I began picking at the base of the centre bar with the point of the knife.

Well, he grew more respectful after that, and I sat down beside him on one of the beds and told him the main plan of escape which I had been pondering over in my fertile imagination.

"The cement," I said, "that holds the bar is soft enough to be scraped away by constant working with my knife, and when the bar gives way the rest of the plan is easy.

"We shall climb through the window at night and let ourselves down with a rope into the Castle yard, then pass the sentry at Ship Street or kill him if he stops us, and after that trust to good fortune, assisted by the darkness of the streets."

"Splendid," he answered, curtly, "but we have no rope, and no weapon."

I seized one of the sheets from the far bed, nicked the edge with my knife and tore a

strip from end to end of it, and about a foot wide. "You see we can easily manufacture our rope of freedom, and as for a weapon you can club a man with an iron bar as easily as with a musket, and I shall have that centre bar out in two days."

Well, we started that evening after our gaoler had brought in supper, and I took the first turn and worked on deep into the night.

It was very weary that constant scraping at the cement round the root of the central bar, and the progress painfully small, but I saw the walls of Limerick in the distance and felt the clasp of Sarsfield's hand !

Captain Dudley relieved me in the early hours of the morning, and as I climbed into bed to snatch a few hours' rest I had the satisfaction of seeing him attacking the window with an extraordinary zeal.

When I awoke, however, and resumed my labours the Captain's progress appeared to me to be exceedingly poor for so many hours' work.



Had he his heart, I wondered, in this business, after all ?

I made no comment but worked steadily on, cheered by the view which was always staring at me through the little window—the view of the Dublin mountains, soft and grey in the distance, with freedom waiting there for me if I could but once clear the city.

I hid all signs of our labour carefully lest the keen eye of the gaoler might detect our little game, and on the third night I had the satisfaction of moving the bottom end of the bar out of the cement in which it had been buried, and then by using it in lever fashion had finally wrenched it from the top of the window as well.

Next night (a Friday, I remember) we arranged for the escape to take place about ten o'clock, when the last round of the prison had been made.

The next morning we started our rope making, tearing the sheets into broad pieces and knotting them firmly together. I could tell pretty well by the house opposite the

length that we required, and left, as you can guess, a pretty fair margin over.

The night came down at last, dark, but with no rain or wind ; rather too still for my fancy, as I would have liked a stormy night to cloak all sounds of our descent.

We hid our rope beneath the bed until the gaoler had gone by, and then we drew it forth and prepared for the great venture.

First one bed was drawn underneath the window and the rope firmly fixed to one of the legs and then lowered slowly out of the window.

Then the second bed was placed on top of the first and on that the table, so that we had our rope soundly weighted and secured.

The agreement had been made that I (having placed the iron bar in the breast of my uniform) should squeeze out of the window first, and when I had climbed to the earth signal with the rope for Captain Dudley to follow.

I climbed up on top of our pile of furniture and squeezed myself slowly out through the

window backwards, and clutching the rope firmly, I swung out into the darkness and hung between earth and sky.

I could see the lights twinkling in the windows of Ship Street as I slowly descended, and I could hardly have been thirty feet from the ground when I happened to glance upwards and saw plainly through the increasing darkness a sight which turned my heart to ice.

The figure of Captain Dudley leaning out of the window and sawing at a joining of the rope with something I could not detect in the night !

Whatever it was it must have been suffering from bluntness, and it was to that, I suppose, I was indebted for my life, for he had evidently intended to part the rope when I had been higher up and so make my death a certainty.

When I recovered from the horror I slipped down the next twenty feet like an acrobat, and can scarcely have been ten feet from the ground when the rope parted above.

I tumbled through space and fell upon my back, but was up again in a moment uninjured, and as I drew the iron bar from my breast, for the action which I now knew must come, I could hear the shrill rasping voice of the scoundrel up above me echoing again and again upon the still night air—"Help! help! Prisoner escaped—Birmingham Tower," he yelled.

Ah, my friend, why did I ever spare you on the morning of the duel by the Liffey, even for Moira's sake!

As I gathered myself together and dashed for the entrance into Ship Street I could hear the Castle waking into life, the roar of the men at arms and the clinking of the sabres.

As I came up on the sentry on guard at Ship Street he levelled his musket at me, fired, and missed me, and then I closed with him like a wild beast.

We rolled over on the ground together and at last I freed my right arm and struck him twice across the forehead with the iron bar,

and I felt his strength fade from him as he slipped from my arm senseless to the ground.

As I rose to my feet the wolves in pursuit were almost upon me. I heard shouts in English and Dutch and a couple of musket bullets whizzed past me as I broke into Ship Street and sped for dear life towards the Werburgh Street corner.

I was round the corner in a flash when I remembered the lane to the right leading to Hoey's Court, and I had turned into it before my pursuers had reached the corner of Werburgh Street.

The first house on the right which I came to had the hall door partly ajar, and I needed no special invitation, but stepped gently inside and closed the door.

I might have stepped right into the lion's den or into the house of a Jacobite, but at any rate I had tricked those roaring beasts whom I could hear shouting at the top of Werburgh Street and in full cry along Skinner's Row.\*

\* Now Christ Church Place.

As I was straining my ears to catch their further cries, now growing fainter in the distance, I heard a door in the back of the house creak on the hinges and then slowly open, and a voice that sent a shock of joy across my still palpitating heart cried down the corridor : “ Where are you, aunt Kathleen? I dare swear I heard some noises in the hall.”

Then round the corner, like a vision out of heaven, came Moira Delamarque !



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *I Escape from Dublin City.*

AFTER the delight of that meeting was over Moira explained her presence at Hoey's Court.

When the Irish army had retreated westwards the Lady Honoria had followed her husband to Limerick, and Moira had left Lucan House and taken up her abode with her aunt, Mrs. Kathleen Delany, at 7 Hoey's Court—indeed, next the very house in which the celebrated Dr. Swift was born, whose amusing *Gulliver* I read in a French translation at Tours forty years later.

Some three days after my escape from the Birmingham Tower, Mrs. Delany made arrangements for my escape from the city, and a horse was to be in waiting for me ready saddled and bridled by St. Catherine's Church in Thomas Street (outside the old city walls) at ten o'clock on the following night.

As Werburgh Street was still being closely watched I had abandoned my uniform and was disguised in the dress of an ordinary merchant, but carried a pair of pistols underneath the quaintly cut coat.

Before leaving, however, I had heard one interesting piece of news from my hostess, who received it from a friend in Dublin Castle. My friend, Captain Dudley, who had tried to murder me, had now increased an enviable reputation by turning traitor to our cause, and had received the pardon of the Prince of Orange.

The night had set in darkly as I bid my kind protectors good-bye, and held, perhaps for a little longer than good breeding warranted, the hand of Moira Delamarque.

With her "God speed you" on my ears I stepped out into Hoey's Court and turned cautiously into Werburgh Street, where glancing backwards I caught a glimpse of the Castle towers looming through the increasing darkness.

I had advanced slowly as far as the corner

of Skinner's Row, and was passing under the lighted windows of the corner house, when three officers came suddenly upon me from Castle Street, and I saw their faces clearly in the flood of light which fell across the street.

My friend, Captain Dudley, was in the centre, while on either side of him were Colonel Jones and Captain George Fawcett.

Colonel Jones was known only to me by reputation, for this gallant soldier was a nephew of the famous Cromwellian General who had crushed the Duke of Ormonde in the battle of Rathmines in former years.

Captain Fawcett I knew personally, for he had fought very bravely on the enemy's side at the passage of the Boyne, and being wounded was conveyed to Slane, where, during convalescence, we had engaged each other in games of chess.

As luck would have it the traitor, Dudley, caught sight of my muffled face as I turned the lighted corner by Skinner's Row, and calling his companions' attention to "the escaped prisoner, O'Hara," the three of them

drew their swords and advancing towards me called upon me to surrender.

For answer, I drew out my two pistols to have them handy, and repeating that cry of "No Surrender" which I had heard so often shouted from the walls of Derry I dashed out into the darkness of Skinner's Row and fled as fast as my legs could carry me towards the High Street.

As I entered the High Street I glanced behind and saw that the three officers were close upon my heels.

The great mistake I now made was continuing straight ahead, for had I taken one of the narrow lanes lying on my right and reaching towards the river I must easily have escaped in that intricate maze of houses.

My mind, however, was so bent on reaching St. Catherine's Church and the horse which awaited me there that I had forgotten all about the sentry outside Newgate, through which ancient city arch I would have to pass in order to reach Thomas Street where the church is situated.

As I passed St. Audoen's I had gained some fifty yards on my pursuers, and I was flying through the Cornmarket and had reached the Newgate Arch, where another few strides would have brought me safely through to Cut Purse Row and Thomas Street, when a sentry rose up out of the darkness and challenged me with a roar.

I swerved to the left and tried to run round him, when he burst upon me and thrust his musket between my legs and sent me flying head over heels into the dust. I had all my wits about me, I can tell you, in spite of this sudden misfortune, and turning over on my back as the man sprang towards me, I gave him the contents of my left-hand pistol between the shoulders, when he staggered for a moment and then toppled over on the roadway without a cry.

As I rose to my feet and burst into Cut Purse Row Captain Fawcett was close upon me, for being a powerful runner he had out-distanced Jones and Dudley.

When I entered Thomas Street he was so close upon me that I could catch the sound of his panting on the night air, and when at last, thank God, I saw the outline of St. Catherine's loom upon my left, there could hardly have been twenty feet between us.

I now saw the horse waiting for me by the railing round the church, but the fellow who had brought it had promptly fled at our approach.

I was abreast of the old tower when I turned upon Fawcett and kneeling down suddenly as he closed with me, I gave him the contents of my second pistol point blank into his breast.

His uplifted sword fell from his grasp and clinked against some rough cobble stones upon the road. Then he gave a cry that might have been heard at Lucan, and spinning round like a teetotum lurched towards me, and fell upon his face.

I was sincerely sorry to have to kill poor Fawcett, as brave a soldier as ever drew a



sword. But it was his life against mine, the cause of King James against the Dutch usurper, and I dare swear that he would have made as little hesitation in finishing me off with his sword if my own pistol hadn't done the trick for him in the very nick of time.

The short delay caused by this encounter brought the other two close upon me, but I had swung myself into the saddle of the animal waiting and had dashed into the blackness of Thomas Street as the two of them paused by Fawcett's body. They gave me a "good-bye," however, with their pistols, but I was too far off to receive any harm, and I did not draw up from the gallop until I had reached the outlying village of Inchicore.

Here I turned to the right and took the Chapelized road, and by the time that the early dawn broke over the Dublin mountains I was well on my way to the west to join once more my gallant Sarsfield.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### *The Opening of the Limerick Campaign.*

I must try to put down here many things which I did not hear the full truth of till afterwards, so that those who may read this may more truly understand these great events in which I found myself engaged.

When the Prince of Orange had left Dublin after his advance there from the Boyne water he marched southwards by Carlow and Carrick-on-Suir. He was anxious to secure Waterford (together with the fort of Duncannon) as a convenient station for his transports.

When he reached Carlow he sent on the Duke of Ormonde to capture Kilkenny, which had been left feebly garrisoned by the Lord Deputy Tyrconnell, and when this was accomplished he sent on Kirke to summon Waterford, which immediately yielded, the garrison being allowed to march out with all the honours of war.

Duncannon yielded very mildly, too, though Captain Michael Bourke at first made some show of resistance, but on the appearance of Sir Cloudesley Shovel with a fleet of sixteen frigates he capitulated on the same terms.

When the Prince reached Carrick-on-Suir he received such bad accounts from London of reverses on the Continent that he returned suddenly to Chapelizod with the intention of crossing to England ; but here fresh news arrived of De Tourville's failure to invade England at Teignmouth, so he returned with a light heart to Cashel, where his army had now arrived.

The Prince had been very stern in repressing all plundering by his army of mixed nationalities, and showed great humanity in his treatment of the country folk.

Several of his soldiers were hanged on the roadside for plundering, and upon one occasion, when seven of them had been caught red-handed, they were allowed to throw dice to save their lives, and three of them were executed.

Once near the town of Naas, when the Prince caught a trooper robbing a poor woman, he beat the fellow furiously with his cane and had him hanged afterwards as a healthy example for the rest.

On the march to Carlow two of the Enniskillen dragoons were hanged by the roadside and with papers pinned to their breasts explaining their villainy, so you can imagine that by the time the Prince of Orange reached the walls of Limerick he had his army in a proper state of discipline.

On the 9th of August, 1690, he reached the city of the Shannon, and that evening sent in a trumpeter to summon the garrison.

The trumpeter was sent back by M. Boisseleau, who was Governor of Limerick, with a letter directed to Sir Robert Southwell, the Secretary of State, and not to the Prince, saying that he was surprised at the summons, and that he thought the best way to gain the Prince of Orange's good opinion was by a vigorous defence of that town which his master had entrusted to him.

Old Limerick city, when I first saw it in the year of the great siege which has made its name immortal, was the second city in Ireland—Dublin only exceeding it in size.

Unlike Dublin, however, it was fairly well fortified and possessed complete walls, bastions and outworks.

All the houses were strongly built of stone, being most of them made castle-ways with battlements.

That noble river which flows beside the ancient walls, and a glimpse of whose bright waters I often yearned for in those lonely years of foreign exile, was navigable for ships of considerable burden up to the town itself, while the smaller craft could come right up to the Bridge which connects the two parts of the city.

At some distance above Limerick the Shannon divides into two arms which reunite and form King's Island, upon which the older portion of the city, called English-town, is built.

The newer portion, called Irish-town, is situated on the mainland (on the eastern or Munster bank of the river), and both portions are united by the Bridge,\* as mentioned above.

The English-town contained the principal buildings—the Cathedral of St. Mary and King John's Castle—which occupied the southern end of King's Island. The town wall, which was defended by fortifications with salient angles, ran diagonally across this southern end of the island and faced north-east, while on the other sides, where the Shannon flowed, the walls were lower and feebly fortified.

King John's Castle stood on the west side of the English-town, just at the south of Thomond Bridge which crosses the western arm of the river and connects the English-town with the County Clare.

The Irish-town being situated on the mainland on the Munster bank, and not being guarded by the waters of the Shannon, was more powerfully protected, and was, in fact,

\* Ball's Bridge.



a fortress with five bastions, a double wall and several towers.

In front of the walls on the north-east side of the Irish-town our men had hastily constructed some outworks, consisting of a sort of spur or hornwork, and redoubts ; while a covered way ran round just under the town walls from the South Gate to St. John's Gate. Near this were two small forts, one of which the enemy nicknamed " the Two Chimneys."

There was a spur on the south gate where we planted the heaviest guns, and at a small gate towards the north-east there was a sally-port. Close to this was the Black Battery (so called from its colour) which consisted of three guns. The Prince had pitched his camp on the Munster bank of the Shannon almost due east of the English-town, in a district called Singland, but it was against the north-eastern portion of the Irish-town that he directed his fierce attack.

This, then, was the position of affairs when I first entered the city after my memorable escape from Dublin.

I have given you this description from memory, for I never saw the old city again after the signing of the Treaty in 1691 ; but how often have I seen it in fond imagination during my long and faithful service with the Irish Brigade, from Landen to Cremona—from the cold north German country to the sunny slopes of sweet Lorraine.

Limerick and Sarsfield ! I never think of it but to link it with his name.

I remember on the day he died at Landen I stood once more upon the grass-grown walls and saw through the tears that dimmed my eyes the silver reaches of the Shannon and the dim Clare shore ; and the dear voice seem to speak again from the city of his fame.

Ah, how we Irish loved him ! His name was on my lips in every battle charge I made, and perhaps when death shall call me home—like that queen of English story—his name will still be written on my heart.

Where shall we Irishmen find his like again—that gallant soldier, that true gentleman—that majestic, stately, stainless Cavalier !

## CHAPTER XX.

### *The Guns at Ballyneety.*

WHEN I escaped from Dublin the Prince of Orange was already before the walls of Limerick, so I had to make a wide *detour* to cross the Shannon at Killaloe. Here I met a company of horse soldiers out reconnoitring, and with them I returned into Limerick, crossing by the bridge from the Clare side.

Our troops were not the least disheartened by the Boyne defeat, and I found them filled with a fierce determination to defend the city to the last man.

The noble Sarsfield, who greeted me warmly, was the life and soul of our party, but General De Lauzun, who was glad of any excuse to end the war and get out of Ireland, had laughed at the idea of defending such a place, and had declared that the enemy's cannon could batter down the fortifications with roasted apples. He had then

left Limerick and marched to Galway taking with him all the French troops and eight guns, so that the town could only be defended by the Irish Foot, the dragoons and the Horse.

Our entire army in and about Limerick (for the Horse were encamped on the Clare side of the Shannon) numbered about 20,000 Foot and 4,000 Horse.

The troops of the Prince of Orange were estimated at 36,000 men.

Before my arrival in the city there had been some desultory fighting, but the enemy were waiting for their powerful battering train, which was on its way from Dublin, before commencing the business in earnest.

A French gunner, who deserted from the enemy and came over to our lines, gave Sarsfield the information about the battering train, and my General had decided to intercept it before it reached the Prince's camp.

His scheme was, indeed, a noble one, but fraught with tremendous danger.

It was on Sunday, the 20th of August, I remember, that I passed over Thomond

Bridge with General Sarsfield and 600 Horse, with Galloping Hogan, the daring Rapparee, as our guide.

This man knew every road, pass and mountain path in the West country like the palm of his hand.

The harvest moon was shining as we passed the fort which guarded Thomond Bridge on the Clare side of the Shannon, and keeping on that side of the river we passed on through Bridgetown and Ballycorney.

The battering train of the enemy was now on its way to Cashel, but to intercept it we had to make a wide *detour*, and Sarsfield determined to pass the Shannon at Killaloe as O'Brien's Bridge was guarded by the enemy.

Ah, what a glorious ride that was, with the moon shining down upon us with its pale, sad light.

I close my eyes and view the past again in dreams. 'I can see Hogan's stalwart form in front of me leaning from the saddle and talking rapidly to our general. Sarsfield

smiles and points towards the river, and then the tapping of the hoofs goes on and on along the road and through the meadow-land, while the clinking of the bridles makes music in my ears.

We reached Killaloe and passed round by the back of the town and above the bridge which was guarded by the enemy, crossing the river by the ford at Ballyvalley.

Leaving the village of Ballina behind us we struck the Boher Road, and I confess that my heart went into my mouth, as the saying is, when a party of men sprang out from the side of the road into the moonlight.

Sarsfield called upon us to halt, believing that this might be a patrol of the enemy, and for the moment, I think, suspecting treachery on Hogan's part. But the strangers proved to be only a gang of Rapparees who had a hiding-place for plunder hard by.

We encamped that night on the side of the Keeper Mountain, many of the country people crowding round and offering us their simple hospitality.



When the day dawned at last (for I slept but little with the thrill of this adventure through my blood) our General sent out scouts to trace the position of the guns.

After some time they returned with the news that the battering train was close to Limerick, and would encamp that night at Ballyneety.

All that day we lay among the mountains with our scouts and the Rapparees giving us the minutest information of the movements of the guns.

I could see with Sarsfield's glass the convoy creeping along in the distance and passing under the southern spurs of the range.

They encamped that night close under the ruined Castle of Ballyneety, on a small piece of plain ground with several earthen fences on one side. If they had feared any danger it would have been easy to have drawn the guns inside the ruin, and then it would have been difficult for an army, much less our small band, to have touched them.

Being, however, in happy ignorance of our proximity, and so close to their destination, they made no special preparations of any kind, but turned their horses out to grass and placed only a slender guard.

Then they sank into slumber, and most of them awoke in the next world.

When the night had fallen Sarsfield led us down from the mountains and halted us close to Ballyneety.

We had obtained their pass-word for the night by one of those happy chances which sometimes fall to the lot of the brave.

One of our troopers, whose horse had fallen lame, had lagged behind the convoy and happened to meet the wife of one of the soldiers who had lost her way. Having directed her back to the right road he fell into pleasant conversation, and learned from her that the pass-word for the night was, curiously enough, "Sarsfield."

As the night advanced a bright moon rose in the heavens, but was occasionally dimmed by heavy banks of flying cloud.

Sarsfield waited until one of these convenient wanderers had engulfed the moon, and then, guided by Galloping Hogan, he led us cautiously on.

As we approached the camp we were challenged by an outpost, and giving the word "Sarsfield" were allowed to pass on unmolested.

Then as we came right up upon the groups of silent sleepers a sentry on the lines cried out the challenge.

Our answer came with a roar of "Sarsfield! Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man!" And as the echo melted in the night air we sprang like a thunderbolt upon the sleepers.

Their commanding officer sprang to his feet, and the bugles sounded "To Horse!" but it was altogether too late to save the position now.

We burst over the lines with a cheer, and sabred and shot and stabbed. Some of the enemy on the furthest side from the attack raced for the horses, but we chased them out

into the open or killed them when they turned round bravely to offer resistance.

Then came a scene not easily forgotten.

Figures moving here and there under the dim moonlight smashing the pontoons to pieces, collecting all the ammunition, all the waggons, and stores of every kind ; while others directly under Sarsfield's eye loaded the guns to the muzzle with powder and sunk them in the earth.

Then around the monster scrap-heap we poured barrels of gunpowder, and laying a long train we retired to a safe position.

Suddenly Sarsfield gave the word and a bright flame rippled along the earth and reached the masses of powder and the buried guns.

A flame of fire spouted up into the sky with a roar that shook the earth around us, and far away upon the walls of Limerick they caught the distant thunder.

All the loose material that had been heaped around the guns was shattered into fragments,

while the guns themselves leaped into the air and fell back either burst or hopelessly damaged.

A cheer of triumph broke from us as we saw the great task complete, but little time could be lost if we were to get back again to the shelter of Limerick.

We did not, however, return empty-handed, for we brought 400 draught horses with us and 100 troop horses, which were found ready saddled and bridled with pistols at the saddle bow.

Sir John Lanier, who had been sent by the Prince of Orange to meet and protect the convoy, came up with his 500 men in time to see the flash of the explosion.

He hastened to O'Brien's Bridge to cut us off, but we passed the river at Banagher, and reached the gates of Limerick in triumph with the loss only of a major and a few men killed in a slight skirmish we had with Cunningham's dragoons.

You can imagine the reception which awaited us in Limerick. A cheering multi-

tude surged round us to the centre of the city, where Sarsfield received the thanks of Boisseleau, who had been left by Tyrconnell as Governor of Limerick after " Lying Dick Talbot " had himself gone off after De Lauzun to Galway.

The city was now illuminated and the enemy were treated to a hot fire from our guns as a practical expression of joy.

To the besiegers Sarsfield's exploit was a tremendous blow, for a new battering train had to come up all the way from Waterford, and the loss of the pontoons prevented the Prince of Orange from following up his passage of the Shannon at Annaghbeg, and delivering an assault from the Clare side.

This, then, was the deed that established Sarsfield's fame, and filled with a fierce enthusiasm every waiting heart that beat behind the Limerick ramparts.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### *The Siege of Limerick.*

IT was on a Sunday, the 17th of August, 1690, that the trenches of the enemy were opened by Cambon and the first attack made on our redoubts.

The Prince of Orange, hoping to raise a spirit of emulation among his soldiers, ordered seven of his battalions with picked men from the English, French, Dutch and Danish regiments to work in the trenches under their different leaders.

That night their trenches were so far advanced that they delivered an assault on our Two Chimneys redoubt which was still in the course of construction.

This attack was made by their Grenadiers, whose appearance excited merriment among us, for they seemed to be all a pyebald yellow and red, and wore furred caps with coped crowns like janizaries. This gave

them a fierce appearance, and they also had long hoods hanging down behind them as we sometimes picture fools.

They fought, however, with great gallantry, throwing in their hand grenades which exploded among our men with fatal effect, terrifying where they failed to kill, for this form of weapon had been unknown to us up to that.

When they had captured this redoubt no quarter was given, and all our men who remained behind were knocked upon the head.

On the 18th of August the new battering train of the Prince of Orange arrived from Waterford, and he had now altogether some forty pieces of artillery, which included some 36-pounders, a battery of 24-pounders, and twelve guns which threw red-hot shot.

On the day of its arrival a tremendous fire of shot, shell, and red-hot balls broke into the devoted city, and continued day after day until the conclusion of the siege.

What sufferings this involved upon the citizens you can easily imagine, but encouraged by the gallant Sarsfield and the generous Boisseleau they bore these inflictions with a noble resolution.

The redoubt which had been taken by their weird-looking Grenadiers was re-captured by us the next day, and on August the 20th the enemy again endeavoured to capture it in full force.

It had been battered for two days by the Prince's guns when he ordered his men to attack.

Cutt's Grenadiers came dashing out of their entrenchments and straight at the fort, which they struggled bravely to scale, but we received them with a deadly fire from the fort itself and our guns spoke also from two towers on the city walls.

Their first attack was repulsed, and their leader brave Captain Foxon, of Cutt's, was hurled back bleeding and wounded from the ramparts.

At last they succeeded in getting in, but only after a ghastly piece of carnage, our men fighting almost to the last man.

At Sarsfield's orders the guns from the Devil's Tower now opened on the captured redoubt with an effect at that short distance which was deadly.

Boisseleau was still determined to retake the redoubt, and now ordered Purcell with 300 fusiliers, and Luttrell with 150 horse to essay the task.

St. John's Gate was suddenly opened for them, and the gallant fellows dashed out and made for the redoubt, where a sweeping fire from the enemy laid many of them in the dust.

A body of the Prince of Orange's Horse now bore down upon them with their sabres flashing in the air, and their roars of defiance heard loud above the crash of fighting men.

As they swept our Foot before them the gallant Luttrell charged them with his troopers and brought them to a stop; then

feigning to retreat he drew them in towards the walls within range of our guns, which spouted fire at them from the embrasures.

They lost Colonel Needham and Capt. Lucy killed, besides many officers and men, and we calculated a total loss for them of some 400 men in that business.

I must not omit an adventure that took place between one of their chaplains and a trooper at the taking of the fort.

This chaplain happened to go down after the fort was taken, and seeing a trooper to all appearance mortally wounded he fancied himself obliged to give the wounded man some spiritual advice.

The poor soldier was very thankful for his reverence's care for him, and was receiving ghostly consolation when our men broke out from the town on the sally. As our Horse came thundering down the clergyman tried to get out of the way and slipped and fell. Whereupon the wounded trooper, thinking him to be killed, stepped up to him and commenced to strip off his coat.

The clergyman called out to him to hold, and asked him what he meant.

“Sir,” says the trooper, “I beg your pardon, for I fancied you to be dead, and so thought myself obliged to take as good care of your coat as you did of my soul.”

The terrible cannonade still continued, and the heavier guns, which were playing against the walls near St. John’s Gate, were coming nearer and nearer as the trenches were pushed forward.

On Sunday, the 24th August, the breach in the walls began to appear, and the enemy pushed their trenches to within twenty paces of the counterscarps, using woolsacks to protect the men in the trenches.

By Monday the breach had widened enormously, and we now in turn used woolsacks for protection.

The next move on the enemy’s part was the attack on Ball’s Bridge by a battery in order to break off all communication between the upper and lower town, but we planted



some guns on King's Island and smashing up their battery saved the bridge.

Meanwhile the shells and red-hot balls continued their havoc among the houses in the upper and lower towns. On Saturday, August the 23rd, three fires had occurred in different places, and one so grew in dimensions that we were obliged to blow up some houses hard by with gunpowder in order to prevent the flames from spreading.

No one felt safe for a moment in their houses during the ten days that the bombardment lasted, and my friend, Colonel Peter Drake, had an experience which is worth relating.

There was between his house and the town wall a large magazine, and the enemy ordered two pieces of ordnance to be levelled at this building. Some of their shots passed clean through the magazine and hit the gable end of his house where the apartment was situated in which he and his friend, Captain Plunkett, slept. This gentleman was to mount the guard that day, and going out very early

left Colonel Drake asleep. Some two hours after he rose from his slumbers and went out to ask one of the servants to get him a clean shirt, and before he had time to return a cannon ball had beaten down the wall, a great part of which had fallen on his bed and demolished it. It then passed through his father's bedchamber and broke the posts of the bed in which his parents were asleep, but, thank heaven, had no worse effect than to put the whole family in a consternation. Family life being thus interfered with, many preferred to live in huts on the King's Island or on the Clare side beyond Thomond Bridge.

For the whole of Tuesday, the 26th of August, the fire of the heaviest guns that the enemy possessed were directed against the ever widening breach in the walls, which was now large enough to have admitted some forty men abreast.

Behind the breach Boisseleau and Sarsfield had constructed a *retirade* which they defended with woolsacks and other material. Here they planted a battery of three guns,

and then on either side more guns were placed so as to mow down the enemy on both flanks as they burst through the breach.

At last the great day dawned on which the Prince of Orange gave the order for the assault on Limerick, Wednesday, August the 27th, 1690.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the signal for the assault was given by the firing of three guns, and the attacking party of the enemy that now moved forward consisted of some 10,000 men.

We were taken somewhat by surprise at the first, for suddenly out of the trenches close under our walls leaped those weird-like Grenadiers, who immediately attacked the counterscarp and fired their muskets and hurled their hand grenades.

We soon recovered, however, and having our guns all ready we discharged great and small shot upon them as fast as possible.

So that in less than two minutes the noise was so terrible that one would have thought

that the very skies were ready to rend asunder, and this was followed by clouds of smoke and dust and all the terrors which the art of men can invent to ruin and undo one another.

The Prince of Orange's intention was to first capture the counterscarp and then possess himself of the covered way which lay immediately under the walls.

He therefore now dispatched the Dutch Blues to support the Grenadiers, with the reserve regiments of General Douglas, Brigadier Stuart, Lord Meath, Lord Lisburn and, last of all, the Black Brandenburgers.

Before the enemy could reach the covered way many of their officers and men had fallen. Captain Farlow, of Stuart's regiment, who had taken possession of Dublin Castle after the Battle of the Boyne, and Captain Carlisle, of Lord Drogheda's Grenadiers, were both slain there fighting gallantly.

Our men fought bravely in the covered way, but were soon overcome by the Grenadiers, and retreated by the breach into the town.

The Grenadiers rashly followed through the breach, and some were met with a storm of cannister and chain shot from the batteries placed around it, while others pursued our men through John Street and Broad Street towards Ball's Bridge, only to be cut off and slaughtered.

Now the Prince of Orange ordered an attack upon the breach to be made in full force, and then followed a struggle so sublime in all the qualities of bravery and endurance that I can scarcely recall it now without emotion.

For three long hours we engaged the enemy's battalions. We defended the open breach in spite of the awful fire poured in upon us by the moving masses that were pouring towards the wall.

It was shoulder to shoulder all the time, and as a comrade dropped with a ghastly cry another brave man from behind would step into his place. Our front ranks were being mowed down by the murderous assault, for regiment after regiment was being hurled

upon the breach, and finally we began to give way, and the enemy broke at last within the walls.

The supreme moment had now come and Sarsfield ordered up the reserve.

These men, fresh and eager for the conflict, burst like an avalanche upon the foe and swept them clean out of the streets, hurling them back across the breach.

Every inch of ground was disputed as hand to hand they cut and thrust and stabbed, while all the time the music of the musketry kept up a ceaseless roar. The very women joined our gallant fellows and boldly stood upon the breach hurling stones and bottles at the foe.

Still fresh troops of the enemy came on and tried again to burst their way across.

It was during this terrific contest that a chance was given to me to decide the fight, which I was not slow to take advantage of.

Sarsfield had placed me in charge of the Black Battery, which had been carefully



mined with the intention of exploding it should it fall into the hands of the enemy.

I remember it was some few minutes after Brigadier Talbot had made his dashing sally from the spur at St. John's Gate, when sweeping with the Irish dragoons along the covered way he burst in upon the front of the breach taking the enemy in the rear.

This threw them into hopeless confusion, and then my hand rang down the curtain in that awful drama.

We had been unable, though fighting to the last man, to stem the fearful torrent of the Black Brandenburgers, who poured in upon the Black Battery in one dense mass.

The position was a critical one when I suddenly remembered my orders about the mine, and calling off my own brave boys I fired the hidden train with my own hand.

This was the final triumph which saved Limerick.

The Brandenburgers were crowding on the Black Battery like bees when the explosion came.

The earth seemed to open with a roar and vomit forth a mass of fire and stones, and half the Brandenburger regiment was blown to fragments.

Sarsfield now seized the moment and charged with every man that could stand behind the walls, and drove the shattered enemy flying from the breach over the counterscarp, out of the trenches and back to their very camp.

Our triumph was complete, but the carnage on both sides was something horrible.

The fight was over at half-past seven, and until then there had been one constant fire of both great and small shot without intermission ; so that the smoke which went up from the town reached in one continued cloud to the top of the Keeper Mountain at least twenty miles off.

When the enemy drew off, some of them fell dead before reaching the camp, while some were without a leg and some without arms. Others of them were blind with

smoke, especially the poor Brandenburghers, who looked like Furies with the misfortune of the powder.

On the next day, August 28th, the Prince of Orange sent a drummer to Governor Boisseleau to request a truce so that the dead might be buried.

Boisseleau granted him one hour, from four to five in the afternoon, on condition that his men did not come within twenty paces of the covered way.

He told the drummer to inform the Prince of Orange that we were prepared to give him a good reception in a second assault—still better even than the first.

All that weary night the bombardment continued and we stood under arms expecting another attack ; but the Prince of Orange had been beaten, and he knew it. For when the sun sank upon the following day his camp had vanished like a wreath of smoke and he

was well on his way to Waterford. And we only saw the *débris* of a great army which lay scattered round the camping ground, as we stared in triumph from the shattered walls of Limerick.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *I am Captured at Ballymore.*

WHEN the Prince of Orange failed to take Limerick, and had sailed for England, he appointed first De Solmes, and afterwards Ginkel, as Commander-in-chief of his army.

From that time, however, up to the opening of the campaign under Ginkel, the war was only carried on in a series of small skirmishes.

I was with General Sarsfield in Athlone when Ginkel came to Mullingar on the 1st June, 1691, and began to set the ball rolling.

His first plan was to make a feint on Athlone with one division of his army, and then with the other to try and make the passage of the Shannon at Banagher and Mellick.

He was afraid, however, to divide his army lest Sarsfield should leave Athlone and

get between him and Dublin, and perhaps march on Dublin.

But Sarsfield had determined to stop in Athlone until the new Commander-in-chief, Saint Ruth, should arrive. He had garrisoned the fort at Ballymore, which lies between Mullingar and Athlone, with a thousand men, under Colonel Ulick Burke, and had sent me to assist him.

Ginkel marched from Mullingar on Sunday, the 7th of June, and summoned Colonel Burke to surrender.

Being refused he proceeded to bombard us, and in order to terrify our men, hanged a poor sergeant in full view of the fort who had been captured with fifteen men in a castle which they were endeavouring to defend hard by.

After some time he sent a verbal message to Burke saying that if Ballymore was not surrendered in two hours he would share the same fate as his sergeant.

Burke, in order to mark his sense of this abominable insult, asked to have the message



in writing, pretending to think that it must have been wrongly delivered.

Then Ginkel wrote a letter repeating his threat, and stating that the garrison should have no quarter unless they surrendered as prisoners of war.

Burke, however, demanded that he should be allowed to march out with all the honours of war.

Upon hearing this General Ginkel ordered all the guns and mortars to fall to work, and the bombs began to tear up the sandy banks and set our men running like conies from one hole to another.

While their cannon were battering the works and making a breach, we did what we could with our two guns and small shot ; but Lieut.-Colonel Burton, our engineer, had his hand shot off, and our works were being knocked down rapidly.

At twelve o'clock noon we had exhausted all our small supply of powder—so we beat a parley and hung out a white flag, and finally surrendered at discretion.

I remember the feeling of shame with which I surrendered my sword to General Ginkel, and the bitter thoughts which crowded my memory as I marched that evening with the other prisoners under a strong escort for Lambay Island, where it was decided to imprison us.

When we reached Dublin all our officers and some 900 men were embarked on board ship and landed on the island, which lies off the east coast, and some six miles north of the Howth peninsula.

Here you can imagine the horror of my situation. Cut off from any further action in the war, badly clothed, half starved and with scarcely shelter enough to protect me from the wind and rain. I lived for a week with the other poor fellows ; spending most of my time in that sickly spot gazing at the outline of Howth Head in the distance or the coast-line fading away towards Drogheda, with the Mourne mountains dim and grey upon a clear day.

I had not been landed there, however, for

twenty-four hours before plans of escape from the island were working in my mind, and I had even contemplated swimming to the mainland near Donabate, some two and a half miles away, when an opportunity occurred for making a dash for freedom I was not slow to avail myself of.

Four days after our arrival a Colonel Trafford was sent out by the garrison in Dublin to inspect the prisoners on the island, and the day being clear and warm he had come over from Howth in a small rowing boat, which landed at a place which the soldiers had nicknamed " Ginkel's Cove."

This small creek was some distance to the south of the castle in which the officers had been confined, and when I saw from my window the little boat come gliding in I called my friend, Captain Halloran, and pointed out the new arrival.

" Would you care to escape ? " I whispered.

I remember how his blue eyes lit up at the thought of an adventure and a dash for freedom from this cursed island, and in half

an hour I had worked out the following desperate plan.

When the guard outside the castle had been changed for the night, and the rest of the prisoners had sunk to sleep, we were to try and pass the sentry who was pacing generally to and fro at some twenty yards outside the main entrance.

By letting ourselves down from the back window, which was close to the earth, we were to steal through the darkness and try to round him. Then after that to go straight on towards "Ginkel's Cove," find the boat and row for Howth before the alarm was raised. The only weapon I could get was the leg of a broken chair which we found in a corner of the room, and for the rest we must trust to good fortune, and pray for a pitch black night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *The Escape from Lambay.*

THE evening set in at last, and we saw that the brightness of night would be against us. The great stars shone down undimmed by any clouds, scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and the sea in front of us stretched like a sheet of glass towards Howth, where I could see a few lights twinkling faintly through the darkness.

It must have been close to midnight when Halloran and I dropped from the back window and glided in and out among the trees in this part of the island, and were gradually getting round the half-sleeping sentry, who was leaning against a tree trunk, and apparently unconscious of our approach.

We had come almost to a level with him when I suddenly tripped against the root of a tree, and he started and turned and saw us.

He flashed his musket at us across the space to give the alarm, and then turned and went for us as we dashed out of the clearing for the path leading to the sea.

He tried to club me as I passed, but I gave him the leg of that chair across the skull and he fell back with a cry that echoed far into the night, and Halloran stooped down for a moment and took away his pistol.

We were clear now and running hard for our lives towards Ginkel's Cove, with the awakened guards after us and screeching like demons on our track.

We reached the Cove at last and found the boat drawn up for some distance on the shore, and putting our shoulders to it shoved it out into deep water. .

Halloran had got into the stern, and I was in the act of following when our pursuers streamed into the open, and one man faster than the rest could scarcely have been ten yards behind me when I sprang in. The fellow raised a fearful howl, rushed into the water after us, and had almost placed his hand on



the nose of our boat when Halloran raised the captured pistol of the sentinel and shot him through the head.

I can see him throwing up his hands and falling now. I can see the shouting figures close behind him on the beach, and then in a kind of horrid dream I hear the oars creaking in the row-locks as we draw slowly out to freedom.

As we bent our backs to the oars and shot the boat through the still waters some of the late arrivals, who were fully armed, wasted a few musket shots on our rapidly disappearing barque.

We can hardly have been five hundred yards from the island when the boom of a signal gun floated across the water.

"What are they trying now?" Halloran asked.

"To alarm the mainland," I answered, "that two of the prisoners have outwitted them."

"Mightn't it be something else," my companion whispered hoarsely, and suddenly

pointed with his right hand across the darkness.

I looked in that direction and my heart stood still.

A fully rigged ship (an English frigate as it turned out afterwards) was standing in the direction of Ireland's Eye, but making little progress owing to the lightness of the wind.

As I gazed at her in consternation a flash broke from her bow, and the boom of a gun woke the vast solitude round us.

"She's answering the island," Halloran said, faintly.

"Cheer up, and row hard," I answered, "they may miss our speck of a boat in the darkness," and I swung to my oar with a fierce determination.

They had not missed us, however, for the clearness of the star-lit night had exposed our cockle-shell in the midst of the ocean, and the gun spoke a second time from the ship and a cannon ball plumped into the sea some fifty yards in front of us.

On we pulled fiercely, the soft night air fanning our heated faces as we raced for life and freedom towards the trembling lights at Howth. Again I saw a flash from the vessel, and this time the ball passed over our heads and dropped into the sea far beyond.

Then the horrible thing happened that I had been waiting for. The strange vessel seemed to stop for a moment on her course and then yaw, and I saw clearly that they had let down one of their boats with the intention of cutting us off before we reached the mainland.

On, on we pulled through the night, with the strange boat coming nearer every moment. We had the advantage in lightness, but our pursuers in the number of oars, which I could see flashing under the stars as the boat came nearer and nearer.

There were three oars on each side and a helmsman, while a sailor was seated in the bow with his musket ready.

It had been a long chase and hope was still bright within me, for it was not until we

passed under the eastern point of Ireland's Eye that they had come close enough for me to see the sailor in the bow.

At this point, however, poor Halloran began to tire, and I noticed that his strokes were becoming feeble and short, and that the boat behind was now drawing up upon us hand over hand.

We were now almost in.

I glanced back once and saw the thin line of gentle foam that fringed the coast, and caught a glimpse of the old abbey on the cliff. Then I called upon Halloran for a last effort, and right nobly did the gallant soldier respond.

I doubt if we were more than ten yards from the shore when the sailor in the bow of the ship's boat rose up and took a steady aim.

I saw the flash of his musket, and heard a report that seemed to stun my ears, and the next moment Halloran had thrown up both arms and had toppled helplessly backwards into the bottom of the boat.

As he raised his dying eyes to mine, I caught his hand and clasped it.

“I did my best, O’Hara,” he murmured faintly, and the next moment had passed to his Maker.

I dropped the poor dead hand and sprang from the boat. The water was scarcely up to my knees and the shore only a few yards away, but the few moments’ delay after their musket bullet had found its billet had brought the hounds upon me.

As I touched the shore their boat shot in and grounded on the shingle behind me, and as I fled up the beach they were out and after me in a wonderfully quick way for sailors.

I reached the road underneath the abbey and shot away to the right, with the whole body of the mariners after me. On, on I ran as only a man can run who has a touch of the cold fear of death.

I must have covered about a quarter of a mile when I turned suddenly to the left and hid myself behind some thick foliage near the entrance to the St. Lawrence estate.

In a flash the men came tearing past me, and as I sank back for a few moments' rest before proceeding further, I could catch their footsteps dying away faintly in the direction of Sutton.

I rose at last and continued my journey up the hill and through the estate of the St. Lawrence's, and at length half dead with fatigue I found myself on the summit and near the ancient Cromlech. Creeping underneath this record of the ages I sank at last triumphant into a deep, sweet slumber.

When the morning dawned and I awoke at last refreshed but rather hungry, a scene of exquisite beauty stretched around me.

To the right I caught sight of the city of Dublin with the spire of St. Audoen's rising up faintly from the walled portion of the town.

Then southwards I could trace a living map of Dublin and Wicklow lying clear and fair under the summer sun ; the fishing village of Dunleary, the Isle of Dalkey, with the long sweep of Killiney Bay ending with the



bold promontory of Bray Head ; and dimly beyond that the long, thin line of Wicklow Head stretching out into the ocean.

I now passed cautiously down along the Dublin side of Howth Head and then past the old church of Kilbarrick. I obtained some breakfast from a peasant near here, and then remembering that my friend, Capt. Marshall, who had befriended me near Monasterboice was stationed near Bray, I determined to pay him a visit before rejoining my comrades in the West.

That night I skirted the city of Dublin, and after a *detour* of some fifteen miles I found myself passing through the village of Bráy when the dawn was breaking.

At the top of the hill I turned to the right and took the road which leads the traveller to the Glen of the Downs. Captain Marshall's house stood far back from this road and the back of the building faced the little sugar-loaf mountain ; or, to give it the beautiful name that the Irish have christened it, one of the " Golden Spears."

The house was square and ugly to behold. It was a building of the type which rose up all over Ireland after the Cromwellian confiscations ; for the first act of the Cromwellian settlers, after robbing the land of Irish Catholics who had been fighting for the lawful King of England, was to erect these country houses, together with churches of peculiar hideousness to worship God in. These churches are scattered far and wide across the land—rare monuments to the zeal and piety of the Irish Protestant and to his shocking taste in architecture. When I at length reached the house a hearty welcome awaited me, but I found my old friend greatly changed in appearance. His wife, to whom I was soon introduced, struck me as a pretty little butterfly of a woman with not much in her, and it was plain that the relations between her and her husband were not particularly happy.

Captain Marshall wore a continual worried look, as if in constant dread of some hidden fear, and his wife informed me later on that

his life had been recently attempted by a peasant in the Glen of the Downs.

That was all I knew about it when I came to the house. I was soon to know more.

My first week now passed pleasantly away, and the long walks I took with Marshall, and the change of air, were rapidly restoring me to my old self.

We visited all the beauty-spots in the golden belt of Ireland—that lovely district which extends about thirty miles in length and from four to seven in width, beginning near Dublin, and ending at a short distance beyond Avondale. But the walk we loved best of all was through old Kilruddery towards the summit of Bray Head. As the traveller advances towards the top a glorious view is seen.

Far away on the right is a wide stretch of ocean, and as the eye sweeps round to the left it encounters the promontory of Howth, the little island of Dalkey and the grand sweep of Killiney Bay. All this makes a panorama not easily forgotten. As we passed

over the summit and continued our walk towards the south I caught a glimpse through a thinly grown forest of trees of the blue ocean sparkling in the morning sun ; while farther on, down the green slopes of the Head, I could see the waves bursting upon the rocks in showers of angry foam. Towards the right I saw the white walls of a few fishermen's cottages, which make up the village of Greystones, and beyond these more sea and a grayish-blue sky with some soft clouds white as wool floating away to the west ; while far away to the south I could see Wicklow Head faintly stretching out into the ocean. In short, one of the loveliest walks in the fairest county of Ireland, where the rich foliage and different shades of green give one so many scenes of unsurpassable beauty.

On our return home I noticed my companion constantly glancing behind him, and at one time we were certainly being dogged by a peasant, who, however, kept a safe distance from us until we crossed the Bray

road. At this point he disappeared, and I thought no more about the incident.

Saturday night now came round—a night to be long remembered. A beautiful moon lit up the countryside, and through the clear night air the little sugar-loaf seemed crowned with stars. Captain Marshall and I chatted late in my bedroom, and it must have been long past twelve when he bade me good-night.

The night being warm and pleasant I had left my window fully open, and undressing now in the bright moonlight I crept into my bed in the corner of the room and was soon in a happy slumber.

Later on I was awakened by a noise outside my window, as if someone was placing a ladder against the stonework and shifting it into a steady position.

My bedroom occupied the second storey. Directly above me was the small room Captain Marshall occupied, at some distance from his wife's bedroom, which was at the end of the corridor. I could often hear him pacing



to and fro above me as if his restless spirit had sought in vain for peace. But to-night all was silent as death. The noise outside continued, and then I could hear plainly the footsteps of someone coming up the rungs of the ladder slowly, tap, tap, tap, on the clear night air.

Terror now took hold of me and held me for a moment in her cruel grip as I stared helplessly towards the window waiting for the inevitable. A man's shock head of hair suddenly appeared over the edge of the windowsill, and then a fierce wild-looking face glared in upon my bed. It was dark in the corner where I lay, but the man's face was clear in the moonlight as he searched every corner of the room. I now recovered my usual nerve, and springing from the bed I rushed towards the intruder. I remember his hand going back above his head and something heavy swinging across my forehead. Then the ladder was suddenly removed, and after that I must have fallen insensible, for I remember no more.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *The Cry in the Night.*

I could never tell how long I lay in that death-like state. When I came to myself the moonlight still flooded the room like day, and overhead I now heard Captain Marshall's footsteps moving to and fro, to and fro, like some caged animal in pain. Then all of a sudden came the sound of smashing glass and of heavy footsteps dashing across the room ; then one long-drawn horrid scream that turned my heart to ice, and the sound of a heavy body falling on the floor. I lay there helpless as if my whole body was paralyzed. I heard steps again moving in the room above, and then silence reigned throughout the house. None of the other inmates stirred, for the walls and doors were thick, and the death shriek had only reached me in the room below.

I lay there staring vacantly about me, when a drop of something warm fell upon

my cheek. I looked upwards now and saw a dark circle on the ceiling above me, slowly widening like ink on blotting paper, and then the drops fell slowly upon me like rain.

I now started bolt-upright and saw the crimson horror on my night-shirt and my hands, and then I suppose from weakness and from shock I lapsed into insensibility again. When I came to myself I was still lying on the floor, but my head was resting on old Patrick Nolan's knee, who was holding a candle above me, while the housemaid was bathing my head with cold water. I must have cried out before I fainted, for the butler had been startled from his sleep in the room adjoining and had come in to see if anything was wrong. When I had sufficiently recovered I told them all, and old Nolan went upstairs and broke in the door of the master's room. He found Captain Marshall lying in a pool of blood, and with a knife through his heart.

The murderer, who was supposed to have done this deed in revenge for a bitter wrong

done to a member of his family, was never caught, and the secret that weighed so heavily on Captain Marshall's conscience must remain for ever shrouded in mystery. For my part it took many a long day to soothe the memories of that dreadful night; and the worst dreams that ever I have are those which make me start upright in bed to listen in the darkness for the sound of a body falling heavily on the floor above. Then I feel the warm drops on my face again, and see against a background of vivid whiteness the increasing circle of the darkening stain.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### *Days of Shadow.*

WHEN the funeral was over I remained some three weeks longer at Mrs. Marshall's until the wound in my forehead was fairly recovered.

At the close of the third week I decided, however, to set out at once for the West, as I found that the widow (in whose company I was constantly forced to find myself) was making the most constant advances towards me in spite of her weeds.

It would ill become me to blame Mrs. Marshall harshly in this matter. She had never, I think, really cared for her husband, and now here was a soldier not merely good looking and of proved bravery but with an address which would have been fatally fascinating to most women.

On the afternoon, however, when she first made open love to me in the shrubbery, she

provoked in me a full measure of disgust. For it seemed to me to show a real want of decency on her part, considering the fact that her late husband had been scarcely three weeks buried.

On that morning, therefore, I proceeded on my way towards the West, determined to rejoin Sarsfield as quickly as my legs could cover the distance.

I skirted Dublin on the south, passing by the village of Rathfarnham and on through the beautiful country round Maynooth, where I rested for that night. Next day I continued to Edenderry, and on the two following days to Ballycumber and the Seven Churches on the Shannon some few miles below Athlone.

As I crossed here by ferry on the evening of my arrival I could catch the faint booming of guns along the bosom of the river.

I now marched steadily towards Athlone, and as I approached the town a horseman came riding towards me at full speed.

I recognized him as O'Toole of Sarsfield's Horse on his way with dispatches from Saint

Ruth (the new French General whom King James had sent over to command the Irish army, and who also was the bearer to Sarsfield of his title of "The Earl of Lucan," which had been conferred upon him by the King).

I asked O'Toole what guns were booming along the Shannon.

"The siege-guns of Ginkel," he cried out, "which are playing upon the walls and battlements of Athlone." Then he plunged his spurs into his charger and disappeared along the dusty road towards Ballinasloe.

On entering Athlone the first friend I met with was Captain O'Reilly, who had fought with me through the Derry campaign. He was not only honoured by us as a brave soldier, but as the son of Myles the Slasher of Finea Bridge fame.

When I had refreshed myself at his house after my long journey, he told me all the news of the day.

"And we hear from Limerick," said he, "that Mademoiselle Delamarque is engaged at last."



“Engaged to whom?” I cried.

“To Captain Dudley,” he said, playing awkwardly with his sword-hilt, for I think that he had guessed my secret pretty well.

I said nothing more but turned and left the room, wishing, as he rightly guessed, to be alone with my own sad thoughts.

Though the news was proved afterwards to be false, and had been circulated by that scoundrel Dudley to annoy me, it was many a weary day before I learned the truth. I remember how this story of Moira’s faithlessness nearly wounded me to death.

I remember walking up and down the back garden of O’Reilly’s house that night with the sweet summer darkness falling like balm around me, and the great stars in their steadfast travel wheeling above my head. What will it all matter, I thought, in a few short years, this bitter heart-burning, this unfulfilled desire.

It must have been close on eleven o’clock when O’Reilly came out to me and put his

arm through mine. I think he could read my very thoughts and I know he could feel my pain.

“Come in, you foolish dreamer,” he said, tenderly; “Sarsfield has been asking about you for the last half hour.”

I stood there looking upwards through a mist of tears—a weak foolish dreamer indeed, with his spirit roaming among the stars; dreary, desolate, forsaken; himself standing upon a star.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### *The Bridge at Athlone.*

WHEN I arrived in Athlone I found that Ginkel had already captured the English portion of the town which lay on the far side of the river, and that our forces had retreated into the Irish town on the Connaught side and had cut the enemy off by destroying two arches of the bridge across the Shannon.

On the 22nd of June Ginkel opened fire on the Castle and the walls of the Irish town, and so fierce was the bombardment that he practically battered down the whole of the Castle which lay next the river, so that our men had to make a new entrance at the back to pass in and out by.

By the 26th of June the fire from the seven batteries of the enemy had driven us from our trenches by the river and had ruined most of the houses that were as yet left

standing. The cannonade had been so continuous and so furious that a cat could scarce appear without being knocked on the head by a great or small shot.

Ginkel now resolved to storm the town by forcing a passage across the bridge.

His men had already repaired the broken arch on their side of the Shannon, and now that we had been driven from our breast-works they were able to repair the last broken arch by laying beams across, and then planks on top of these.

When the enemy were on the point of crossing the bridge, Sergeant Custume, of Maxwell's dragoons, stepped up to Saint Ruth and volunteered to smash down the plank bridge with any other men who would dare the risk.

In a few moments the gallant soldier collected ten brave comrades, who advanced across the bridge in the full face of the deadly fire poured in upon them by the enemy. Many of them fell, but the few left standing continued the noble task. All the

newly-laid planks were torn up and cast into the river and then the huge beams were attacked with axe and saw. Before these could be severed and cast into the stream gallant Custume and his ten comrades had died.

Fresh volunteers were called for to complete the task, and catching up one of the axes I sprang towards the bridge, many other noble fellows following hard upon my heels.

Amidst that hail of death which Ginkel kept pouring in upon us we hacked and sawed and smashed. The great beams commenced to yield, but the volunteers were falling like corn before the sickle, and as the last beam began to quiver there were only three of us left upon the bridge.

As the last beam groaned and fell, a piece of falling timber struck me sideways and I was hurled over the side of the bridge down into the depths of the rushing Shannon.

I rose to the surface half choked with water and struck out boldly for the Irish bank of the river, but the current was too powerful

for me, and I was whirled down along with masses of floating *debris* from the bridge and finally cast on shore far below the confines of the town.

I crawled out on the bank and lay down worn out with weakness and the shock of my immersion, and was discovered two hours afterwards by a kindly peasant, who conveyed me on his cart to Ballinasloe.

I lay there for three days in a state of complete collapse, and I was beginning to recover my old strength again when a messenger from Patrick Sarsfield (for we who loved him loved the old name best and seldom called him Earl of Lucan) came to tell me that Athlone had been captured by Ginkel, owing to the vanity and folly of Saint Ruth.

That night our retreating army came pouring into Ballinasloe, wounded and tired, and despondent at the loss of Athlone.

A week after that, when I was completely recovered and had left my bed, General Sarsfield, who had heard of my adventures,



presented me to the Commander-in-chief in the following words, which, I think, represent my character pretty fairly :

“ Let me present to you,” says he, turning to Saint Ruth, “ Colonel Phelim O’Hara, of Sarsfield’s Horse—a gallant soldier of King James, and a man of infinite resource.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *The Battle of Aughrim.*

OUR entire army now retired from Ballinasloe and crossing the River Suck took up a position behind it. Saint Ruth, while waiting to see what move Ginkel would make next from Athlone, rode out with Sarsfield and others to inspect the surrounding country, and finding a strong position at Aughrim, some four miles south-west of Ballinasloe, he ordered us to move there and encamp.

General Ginkel marched from Athlone on Friday, the 10th, and during the next day reached Ballinasloe, and was facing us at Aughrim on the afternoon of the 12th of July.

During the great battle which followed I never drew my sword until the close of day, for I was stationed at the back of the Hill of Kilcommodon with the reserve cavalry under Sarsfield, who had been placed here owing to the bitter jealousy of Saint Ruth.

The position of our army had been admirably chosen on the side of the Hill of Kilcommodon, which sloped up from a boggy valley.

Our lines extended for a mile and a half along the slope of a hill, and the bogs in front made a cavalry charge impossible for the enemy and an infantry attack difficult. In front of our line a small river ran which increased the defensive character of the position.

Our right wing extended beyond the hill where there was firm ground on both sides of the river, while our left wing rested on the Castle of Aughrim, beyond which lay a vast bog.

Saint Ruth had entrenched his position and had made every possible use of the natural state of the ground. The two armies were equally matched, consisting each of about 20,000 men.

The battle commenced at five in the afternoon, and the enemy's Foot advanced over the boggy land and tried to storm our works.

But again and again they were driven back with deadly loss. Once they were broken in pieces and our men chased them back across the morass, where they again rallied.

The fight had now lasted two hours and the shades of evening were closing in with all the advantage on our side.

Saint Ruth was firmly convinced that the day was won, for, waving his hat in the air, he cried out across the ranks, "The day is ours, my boys, we will drive them before us to the gates of Dublin."

It was at this point of battle, I remember, that General Sarsfield sent me forward with a message to Saint Ruth about the movement of our cavalry, and finding our Commander in a triumphant mood I ventured good-naturedly to express my opinion about his neglect of Sarsfield in making no use of his great services in the battle.

"May a plain soldier, General," said I (referring, of course, to the bluntness of my speech), "tell you clearly that the back of Kilcommodon Hill is the last spot on God's

earth where you should have left the Earl of Lucan ! ”

Saint Ruth turned on me like a wild beast.

“ May I ask, Colonel O’Hara,” says he, “ do I command the Irish or do you ? ” and then, I think (for my knowledge of the French tongue was still in the embryo stage), that he told me to go to a place which Cromwellians have often suggested as an alternative to Connaught.

But to whatever place he may have consigned me I knew that his answer was insolent, and I determined to show him how a Connaught gentleman could reply to a French barbarian.

I was in the act of giving him an answer that would have stiffened him in his saddle, when a cannon ball came suddenly and took off his head ; by which our army lost a very capable commander and I the chance of a powerful repartee.

The following story of that fatal shot was told to me afterwards in Limerick.

On the day before the battle an Irish squireen, called O'Kelly, had some sheep stolen from him by some of Saint Ruth's soldiers.

This man and his shepherd came to the General to complain, but he told them that it was wrong to grumble at such a small loss when the soldiers were fighting for the cause of Ireland. The man then persisted in his complaint, and Saint Ruth threatened to hang him.

The enraged squireen then turning to his shepherd said in our Irish tongue, "Mark the General!"

The two then departed, and crossing to the enemy's camp gave themselves up to General Ginkel, who hearing their story sent them on to an artilleryman named Trench, saying that these men might show him *a mark worth shooting at*.

Just before Saint Ruth was killed Trench was in one of the batteries on the Aughrim side with the two men beside him.



As Saint Ruth was standing on the slope the shepherd cried out in Irish, " Master I see the Frenchman ! "

O'Kelly translated the words to the artillery-man, who asked, " Where is he ? "

" There," answered the shepherd, " as fine as a bandsman in front of those Horse " (referring to the brilliancy of our General's uniform and medals).

Trench then laid the gun, sighted for Saint Ruth, and fired.

When the smoke cleared away the artillery-man cried out, " Is the Frenchman hit ? "

" He's on his horse yet," answered the shepherd. " You've only blown the hat off him," and then added, " No ! by God, but the head's in it too, for I see them rolling down the hill ! "

But at any rate, no matter how that shot may have been fired, it was from the time of Saint Ruth's death that our disasters began.

Major-General Mackay now succeeded in turning our left flank by breaking through the pass at Aughrim Castle.

All our gallant fellows who had fought so bravely seemed to become paralysed and finally broke and fled.

The carnage which followed was something horrible, for the retreat developed into a *sauve qui peut*, and no quarter was given.

Sarsfield and I with the reserve Horse protected the Foot to the best of our ability, but scarcely a man would have escaped only for the darkness of the night.

Afterwards, on the field of battle alone, the dead bodies of four thousand of our men were counted, and from a hill near the battlefield over an extent of nearly four miles, the country could be seen white with the bodies of the slain.

All that night the retreat rolled on, and when the sun rose at last over Aughrim it shone down upon the shattered weapons, the trampled banners, and the dead heroes of King James's lost cause.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Men call it Chance.*

IN the darkness of the night during that terrible retreat I found myself separated from the main body of horse under Sarsfield.

When the dawn broke I found myself close to a place called Portumna, and some miles above this, where the Shannon narrows, I swam my tired horse across the river.

The animal I rode was but a weak sort of quadruped after all, and my neck had been in constant danger from the way he had stumbled through the night. So it was but little wonder that I often thought with bitter regret of my darling Ballyglunin who was slain beside the Boyne.

I rode southwards along the banks of the river, the keen morning air increasing the pangs of hunger from which I was suffering, so that it was with peculiar relish that I

devoured a simple meal obtained in a peasant's cottage close to Ballinderry, while my horse took his breakfast from the long grass around the place.

All that day I continued slowly riding southwards, and the evening was falling as I passed some miles west of Nenagh and advanced towards the village of Killaloe.

When I came within a mile of the bridge which spans the stately Shannon, the night had fallen black as pitch, and it was with a tremendous joy I caught sight of a camp fire rising up among the trees on my right.

For I had little doubt at first that they must be some of our men from Limerick who were out reconnoitring.

As I approached nearer, however, a suspicion seized me, and tying my horse to a tree I stole stealthily forward.

As I came up to where their horses were tethered I could see clearly into the group of men gathered round the fire, and in another moment I had dropped horror-stricken on my

knees, for I recognised them as a portion of Lanier's Horse in which the traitor Dudley had served before Limerick.

I sank down into the long grass and was creeping stealthily away when some part of my uniform must have glittered in the long rays which the fire threw around, or some sentry must have seen me, for with a yell that sounded in my ears like a chorus of demons they sprang to where I was gliding away, and before I could rise from my stooping posture, and to the occasion, they had surrounded me, and I saw that my case was hopeless. •

There was a space, however, between two of them in the direction of the river, and I drew my sword and made a dash for this.

But my strength was gone, and my luck was gone, for one of the fellows struck my sword up, while three of them fell upon me from behind and dragged me struggling to the earth.

Then they led me towards a little hut some hundred yards away to their officer in command.

There was only one thing wanting to complete my wretchedness, and it came to me like a blow as the door was swung open and the light that blazed forth from the back of the room showed me the well-known face of Captain Dudley. I knew that he had commanded some of Lanier's men in the famous siege, but, oh, what cruel fate had placed me in the hands of such an enemy.

As one of the men who had captured me told him how they had taken a prisoner-of-war, his face lit up cruelly as he recognised me.

"Not a prisoner-of-war, sergeant," he answered coldly, "but a spy—I know him well—O'Hara, the spy who pretended to be one of us, and who gave General Sarsfield the fatal information about King William's siege train. Lock him up in the stable near the Bridge and guard him well."

Having uttered the foul lie he went back into the hut and wrote out an order on a



piece of paper which he handed to the man.

“ See that he is shot to-morrow, sergeant, at the break of day,” says the pleasant fellow, and giving me a look of cruel hate he turned into the hut and crashed the door behind him.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### *A night of agony.*

I AM old now and have gone through many a fierce campaign with our gallant Brigade of Irish exiles. I have suffered the pain of many wounds and have lain untended on ghastly battlefields across half Europe, but I never remember any horror that equalled the mental horror of waiting for the dawn to break above the stable near the Bridge of Killaloe.

The knowledge that I must die a traitor's death—I, who had been so faithful in everything, and to whom the very thought of treachery would set my soul on flame. To die by this villain Dudley's hand, and with no one probably ever to know my fate.

They had roped me in the stable to one of the iron rings to which they tethered horses, and my wrists were tied behind my back.

I strained at the rope which bound me to the ring, and twisted and tore with the tips

of my fingers at my helpless wrists—but all in vain, for they had bound me strongly and there was no escape from those cruel thongs.

At last, overcome with exhaustion, I sank on the ground and sobbed aloud in my despair.

Then through the long hours of agony came remembrances of Moira, and my soul grew calmer as I thought of that sweet influence which had shed a kind of glory on my life.

The long night of agony moved slowly by, and some two hours before the dawn broke, the sergeant came into my prison with a lantern, and set down some food near me.

“It will be your last meal on earth,” said he, brutally, “so you’d better make the most of it,” and he leered at me so that I saw his two great side tusks gleam from his hideous jaw.

“I’ll leave you the light, too,” says this humorist, “and you’ll not want for that where you’re going to,” and he went out of the stable laughing at his pretty wit, and locking the door behind him.

He had left the lantern about a yard away from me, but the plate of food quite close, expecting, I suppose, that I would kneel down to the length of my tether and eat it like a dog.

But it was freedom not food I was thinking of as I stared away into the darkness of the stable, and heard in the deathly stillness of the night the tramping of the sentry outside and the far-off murmuring of the Shannon.

Then, as my eyes returned again to the lantern and the plate, the thought which changed my fate came to me like a whisper out of heaven.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### *I strike home.*

I STRETCHED myself to the full length of the rope which held me to the iron ring, and then lying down on the ground I found that I could just catch the lantern with my toes.

I drew it gently towards me, and when close enough for my purpose I resumed the upright position and pushed it with my foot behind me.

Then with as little noise as possible I broke the glass in front of it, and sitting down on the ground again with my back towards it I held my bound wrists into the burning flame.

The agony was terrible, but I kept them there until I heard the cords spluttering, and in a couple of moments more my hands were free. I took up the lantern with my poor burnt hands and held the flame against the strong rope which bound me to the iron ring,

and in another two minutes I was free again for one last burst for life and liberty.

There was no opening to the stable except the door, for the two small barred windows were so high up that they could not have been reached, and even if reached, it would have been impossible for any man to force his way through them.

So there was nothing to do except to wait until the humorist returned.

I replaced the lantern in the old position and stood in front of the iron ring with my hands clasped behind my back.

Probably half an hour passed by but it seemed to me with my throbbing heart and aching wrists like an eternity.

At last I heard footsteps coming near and stopping opposite my prison ; then the rusty key rasped in the lock, and the hideous humorist appeared.

“ Not happy enough to eat ? ” said he, glancing at the untouched food, “ Well, I’ll leave you in the darkness to contract an



appetite," and he advanced towards me and stooped down to pick up the lantern.

I did not even give the scoundrel time to notice the broken glass of the lantern before I fell upon him, and caught him round the neck, hurling him on to the floor and tightening my grip upon his windpipe every moment.

As he struggled in my iron grasp he rolled over on one side, and drawing a dagger from his belt he tried to plunge it into my breast, but only succeeded in burying it in my shoulder, so that the hot blood spouted from me and sprayed across his beard.

The next moment I released my left hand from his throat and catching his uplifted wrist I bent it back until I heard it crackle, and the dagger dropped upon the floor as he gave one long-drawn yell.

I clutched the dripping, hideous thing and buried it in his side, and then drawing it out I stabbed him again and again above the heart, panting at every blow.

I rose up blinded with the crimson blood

and still clutching the dagger in my hand ;  
and as I leaned for a moment against the wall  
and listened, I heard the alarm being given  
by the sentry outside and the sound of some-  
one running towards the door.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### *I reach the desired haven.*

I WAS out of that accursed place and flying in the darkness towards the river when the sentry flashed his musket at me, and the group of men around the camp fire ran round to cut me off from reaching the Bridge, while another party were coming up on my left.

There was nothing for me, then, but the Shannon, whose dark waters rolled rapidly in front, and so with a prayer to God to bear me to some safe abiding place, I sprang into the river as the foiled demons came roaring on my track.

I was whirled along by the rushing waters, but struck bravely out for the opposite bank, and as I approached my destination I could catch a glimpse through the darkness of the curling foam of the rapids which lie some distance below the Bridge.

I struggled on in spite of my wounded shoulder, determined to let nothing dismay me, and my old strength and fire seemed to rise again within me as I flung myself at last upon the opposite shore.

A number of my pursuers had gone round by the Bridge, and I could hear them calling to one another along the banks in the darkness; but the stream had carried me far below the point where they were searching, and so I rested for a few moments before I set out on the road for Limerick.

Then I ran on through the darkness until I had left Killaloe far behind, and I kept from the beaten track in case they should have pursued me on horseback.

I used to stop every few minutes to listen in a kind of agony, but could hear nothing round me but the twittering of the birds who were heralding with their sweet song the coming day.

I was leaning against a tree by the side of a meadow to recruit my tired limbs when a long arm was passed suddenly down between

the branches and a hand gripped me by the throat !

I was struggling to free myself when a voice (which sounded like music in my ears) called me by name, and the next moment the grip on my throat was relaxed, and O'Toole, of Sarsfield's Horse, glided down the tree and clasped me by the hand.

" O'Hara, by all that's wonderful," said he. " Sure I thought you were lying dead at Aughrim—and what murders have you been committing, my boy ? " he added, as he caught sight of my blood-stained face.

I then told him about my capture and escape and all about the death of the hideous sergeant.

" By killing a humorist with such a face," said O'Toole, " I consider you have rendered a service to society. But the poor man, after all, was only obeying his officer's commands, and the real person to have got your dagger into was that English traitor, Dudley."

Then he paused for a moment and muttered " Traitors "—and then added bitterly—"I'm

afraid we Irish can't throw many stones in that direction anyhow."

I knew well enough what he was thinking of. For during that awful retreat from Aughrim, rumours that the Pass beside the Castle had been sold to the enemy were circulated freely amongst us, while the name of the infamous Luttrell was on every lip.

O'Toole then told me that he was making his way to Limerick with a body of our own Horse when, the sound of the musket-firing at Killaloe alarming him, he had climbed up into the tree to reconnoitre, and was coming down again to earth when he caught sight of my dilapidated figure. I therefore gladly joined him and we proceeded together to Limerick.

The day had now fully broken far off behind the Keeper Mountain—that day which I was never to have seen, but which would have looked down in tranquil splendour on my poor body riddled with the bullets of Lanier's men at the command of that arch-traitor, Dudley.



Some years after I paid him in full the debt I owed him in a skirmish before the famous fight at Landen ; and I must say that for such a villain he died in gallant fashion.

I continued my journey with O'Toole along the river banks, and at noon that day, scarcely able to drag myself across old Thomond Bridge, I passed once more within the walls of Limerick city.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### *Moir's Fate.*

I DO not intend to sadden you with a further account of that terrible retreat of the remainder of our army from Aughrim, or the last great stand we made at Limerick under the gallant Sarsfield, except to mention my affair at Thomond Bridge.

We had all gallantly resisted Ginkel's hot assault from the Clare side, but being obliged finally to retreat along Thomond Bridge, I was horrified to see that the French commander in charge of the gate, fearful lest the enemy should pour in after us, had actually raised the drawbridge too soon.

Pressed by an enormously superior force, I found myself with several hundreds cut hopelessly off from the town. Remembering Aughrim and the kind of quarter we might expect from the English, I ordered my company to throw themselves into the river and

try and reach the shore in safety. The remainder of our men who asked for quarter were all slaughtered by the English, and before the killing was over they were laid on heaps upon the bridge and higher than the ridges of it.

I (and several of my comrades) reached the Limerick shore in safety, and this terrible incident was remembered long afterwards in the city as one of the many events in which I nearly lost my life.

You have heard about the capitulation and the famous treaty—a treaty, by the way, which I ought to know something about, as General Sarsfield consulted me upon every point of importance, and the rest of the famous men around him used to hang upon my every word.

But why trouble about my share in that great transaction.

You know how the English broke their faith when they found it safe to do so, and you have learned at last (at what a bitter

cost) to understand the value of English honour.

After the treaty was signed I decided to take my place beside Sarsfield and the majority of our soldiers, and to serve under the banner of the King of France.

I had been informed in Limerick by friends of Moira Delamarque that she had left Dublin for Cork since her father's death in a skirmish near Youghal, but had made arrangements to settle down finally at Limerick when the immediate horrors of the war had passed away.

You can guess that my mind was ill at ease at this announcement, nor was my anxiety diminished upon hearing a couple of days later from one of Ginkel's officers that Captain Dudley had obtained special permission to leave for Cork on a matter of extreme private importance.

That afternoon I obtained General Sarsfield's permission to set out for the South, and next day when the sunset was flooding the river Lee with a crimson shaft of glory and

the windows in Patrick Street were flashing back reflections in the calm autumn evening, I rode up to the well-remembered house and inquired for my little friend.

She was engaged, the man told me, but would, no doubt, be glad if I would wait.

I informed the servant in my hot way that there *was* no doubt about the matter, and I was proceeding to question him further when the curtains of the room at the far end of the hall swung backwards and Captain Dudley strode out.

His face was flushed with anger, and grew positively diabolical as he caught sight of me in the hall, and guessed the errand I had come on.

As he reached the hall-door he turned round upon me fiercely.

"If you win," he cried out in his high screaming English accent that goes through one like a saw, "if you win, Colonel, you have my faithful promise to take care of your widow," and with that he bounded down the steps, slamming the door behind him.

I wonder what he meant by that? Did he mean to hint that he would kill me if I married Moira?

*He kill me*—the insolent scoundrel.

I had other things, however, of more importance to think of, but, I settled his account as you know, at Landen later on. I had come to win the hand of the loveliest girl in Ireland, and had no time to ponder about staining my sword by running it through this English traitor.

God knows it was stained enough in later years, especially at the great battle of Fontenoy, in 1745, when over seventy years of age I led the right wing of the Irish Brigade under Dillon in that glorious victory. It was after that battle that King Louis himself came up to me, and holding my hand for a few moments gave vent to some manly tears. "*Tous mes Irlandais combattent en braves, mais O'Hara a le diable au corps,*" says he; which may be translated in our Irish way—"My Irish soldiers fight like devils, but O'Hara is the king of demons."



But let me return to Moira Delamarque.

I swung back the curtains at the entrance of the room and knocked firmly at the door.

Her gentle voice bade me enter, and when I had reached the centre of the room I saw that she was seated in the corner of the far window, and by her eyes had evidently been weeping bitterly. After she had bade me welcome, I broke into the reason which had brought me to her.

“ I have come, Mademoiselle,” I said (and I confess that my voice faltered slightly), “ to tell you of a great secret which weighs heavily upon me, and to ask for your sweet consideration. Some few of us, as you know, have joined the English ranks, but the majority prefer a foreign service under the banner of King Louis. I hear that you are contemplating a return to your friends at Limerick, and I come to offer you instead the love of a rough soldier and an exile’s fate. Will you return to Limerick,” I cried, with a voice ringing with love and passion, “ or to France where our King has gone, where our Faith is free ? ”

I was proceeding with some more of this kind of thing (which I allow I can turn out pretty freely) when she interrupted me with an impatient wave of the hand.

“ Don’t you think, Colonel O’Hara,” says she, dryly, “ the less *you* talk about our Faith the better ? ”

I confess that she had me there, and knew very well what she was hinting at. For the truth is that during our long stay in Dublin when Mass had been freely celebrated under the *regime* of King James, I had very seldom entered a place of worship, and, indeed, have been frequently mistaken for a Protestant.

I took, however, small notice of the interruption, but repeated my question slowly and fixed my handsome eyes upon her face.

“ Is it to Limerick, Mademoiselle, or to France ? ”

At the tones of my voice a beautiful blush crept slowly to her cheeks and increased her perfect loveliness.

Then she rose up from her window-seat and coming towards me with a kind of sob

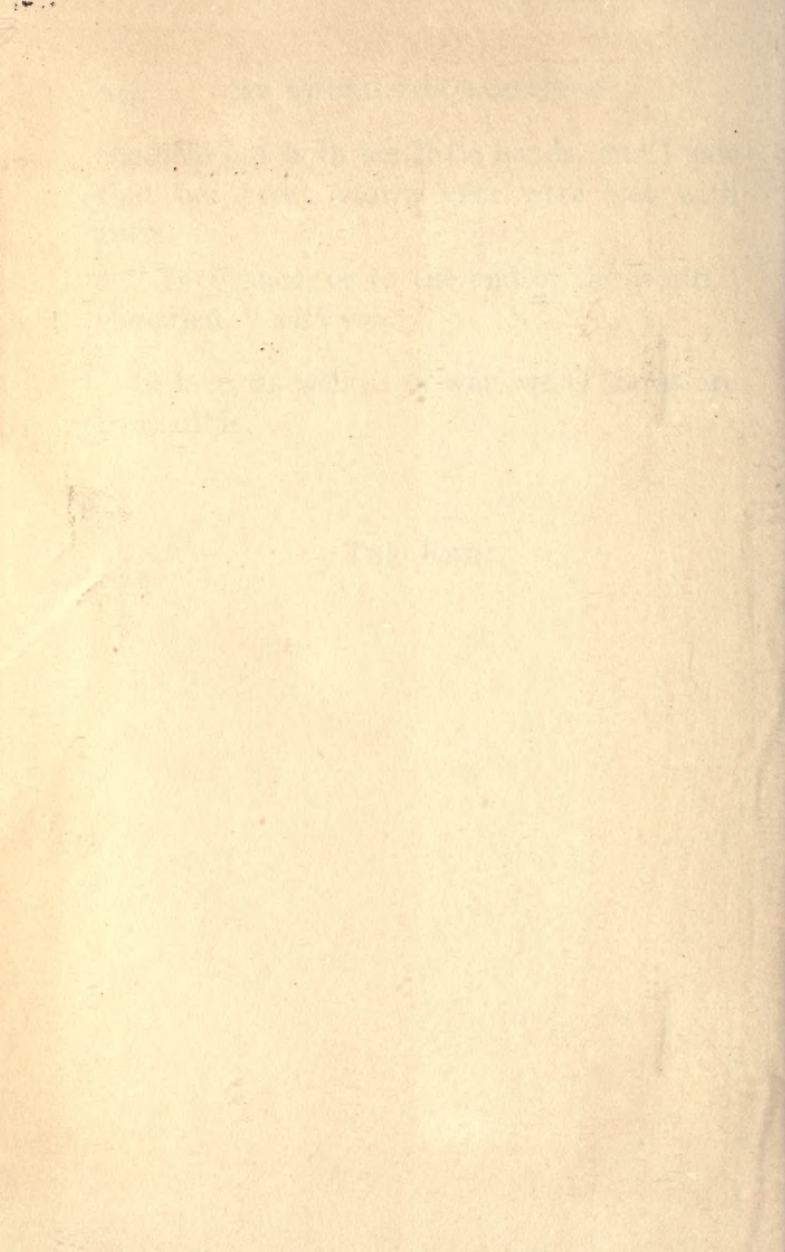
she held out both her little hands, and I saw that her great brown eyes were wet with tears.

“ To France, or to the end of the world,” she cried, “ *with you !* ”

In love, as well as in war, we O’Haras are irresistible.

THE END.





PR            McDonnell, Randal William  
6025           My sword for Sarsfield  
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